

1489. ff. 55

---

I A N T H É,

OR THE

FLOWER OF CAERNARVON,

A

N O V E L.

---





I A N T H É,  
OR THE  
FLOWER OF CAERNARVON,  
A N O V E L,  
*IN TWO VOLUMES.*

Dedicated, by Permission, to  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

BY  
EMILY CLARK,  
GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE LATE COLONEL  
FREDERICK, SON OF THEODORE,  
KING OF CORSICA.

---

---

V O L. II.

---

---

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;  
AND SOLD BY HOOKHAM AND CARPENTER,  
OLD BOND STREET.

1798.

J. A. N. T. H. D.

FLOWER OF CHAMPAGNE

A. N. O. V. H. I.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

BY

THE PRINCE OF WALES



VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THE AUTHOR,  
AT NO. 1, NEWBURY AND CASTLE

ST. JOHN STREET.

# IAN THE,

OR THE

## FLOWER OF CAERNARVON.

---

Une personne, qui a une ame droite, et honnête,  
et qui vit avec des gens injustes, indelicats ou  
corrompus, est malheureuse.

---

SOON after my arrival in London,  
my little boy, whose constitution  
had been very delicate from his birth,  
in consequence, I imagine, of the  
troubles I had suffered, fell danger-  
ously ill. I was advised to take him,  
when he recovered, to a watering-  
place, where he would have the ad-  
Vol. II. B vantage

vantage of bathing in the sea, as it would be of great service to his health. Eager to adopt any plan that might be beneficial to my darling child, I immediately went to Ramsgate, accompanied by a friend whom I fortunately met with in town, and who had been educated in the same convent with me and my sister.

We travelled in the stage, and five miles from town were joined by a gentleman, who appeared to be three and twenty years of age. Though the little adventure I am going to recite does not relate materially to my story, yet I cannot avoid mentioning it, as a very particular example of the power of pride on the finest understandings. Isabel de Valicour, my friend, possessed, in general,





general, an unbounded flow of spirits, which, notwithstanding the severe misfortunes she had encountered as well as myself, rarely repressed her animation. We had been conversing with much gaiety before the gentleman entered the carriage, and the solemnity of his appearance, with his riding several miles without uttering a syllable, struck so forcibly Isabel's lively imagination, that she could not avoid smiling several times. It appeared to discompose his gravity, for he then ventured to say, that it was very pleasant to have merry thoughts. Apprehensive that her behaviour, which certainly had the appearance of rudeness, though it proceeded from the vivacity and innocence of her heart, might offend him, which would have grieved



me, though he was a perfect stranger, I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, and we both found him, to our mutual satisfaction, a very sensible, entertaining character, apparently possessed of an excellent heart, which made our journey end more pleasantly than it had begun.

A day or two afterwards, as Isabel and myself were strolling through the public walk, we were accosted by our stage-coach acquaintance; as he appeared to be a man of fashion, and we were in want of a beau to escort us about, we admitted of his attendance without any scruple, reflecting that in a watering-place every person must be known, and that the steadiness of his appearance  
made

made it impossible for us to entertain any suspicions with regard to the propriety of his character. I gave him an invitation to take coffee with us the following day, which he seemed to accept with great pleasure. When he came, I imparted to him in the course of conversation, the leading parts of Isabel's story and my own, and that we dreaded soon to be obliged to depend on the world for support, were we to receive any disagreeable intelligence from France. He expressed a great deal of feeling and interest for us, and expatiated with the utmost sensibility on the value of high birth, as he was himself, he said, nobly descended, and that every other advantage was inferior to being well born. In short, he conducted himself so well, that we

rejoiced at such an agreeable addition to our society.

The next day Isabel and myself went alone to the public walk, and to our severe mortification, our new acquaintance, Mr. Fitzalton, passed us several times in the course of the evening, in company with some ladies, without deigning to notice us, even by a bow, which common politeness ought to have induced him to do. I observed to Isabel, that the world would say we deserved this indignity, for forming an acquaintance with a stranger; nor should I have acted thus, if I had not judged that a man of birth and education would have possessed some liberality of sentiment; but his motive, I conclude, is this, that as we are young, and,  
from

from our poverty, what the world styles *Nobody*; he fears that were he seen gallanting us, it might, perhaps, prevent his succeeding with somebody of fortune on whom he has views; I suppose he, at first, imagined we had independent fortunes, and was afterwards vexed to find himself disappointed. Or what is perhaps more probable, exclaimed Isabel (for you know the vanity of the sex), he might be afraid that I should fall in love with him, as he was our only beau, and that would shock his expressive sensibility; besides, there are plays and balls, &c. and should he visit us frequently, these might occasion more expence to him than he can afford, for if you recollect, he said he was not

B 4

wealthy,



wealthy, which I thought, dear Gabriella, a very good hint.

This little affair furnished us with conversation for some time. We continued our usual walks, without being at all disconcerted at Fitzalton's studied rudeness, after the first unpleasant surprise. Isabel, whose mind always rose indignant from insult, viewed him with indifference whenever she met him, from a conscious superiority. A fortnight had elapsed in this manner, and Isabel was seated alone one morning in our apartment, reading a very interesting work, when she was startled at Fitzalton's sudden appearance. He attempted an apology for what had passed, by saying he had frequently endeavoured to catch her eye on the  
public



public walk, but could not. So flimsy an apology met with the reception it deserved, and was received with contempt. Our behaviour gave him no encouragement to repeat his visit, though his subsequent conduct implied a wish, from what motive I cannot define, that he had acted differently. As we soon after left the place, the enigma was never resolved, though pride, we conjectured, was his motive for shunning us, and that afterwards his good sense made him repent the ridiculous and suspicious part he had acted.

I returned to London in very good spirits, as my little boy was quite recovered; but soon did sorrow cloud this transient dream of peace.

Ifabel found letters which obliged her to embark for France, and we parted with mutual regret. I received, at the same time, a letter from my brother, in which he related that De Fremont had carried his rancour so far, as to procure his banishment from France, and that Madame de Villars was imprisoned, and her estates confiscated. He added that his circumstances were so distressed, as to render him incapable of supplying me with money.

My misery was now at its height. Overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a beloved husband, I had to dread the death of his child from want. Educated as I had been in the greatest refinement, and with the utmost tenderness, it was a humiliating

miliating and painful task to encounter the frowns of an unfeeling world for a subsistence; but cruel necessity urged me.

I recollected an English lady who visited my aunt at Paris, and applied to her to procure me a situation. She received me with the coldness which is generally observed by most people to others in distress. She was a good principled woman, but devoid of that sensibility which is so consolatory to a mind smarting under adversity. I expected that sympathy in her manners which springs from the heart, but was disappointed; she expressed, however, a concern for my misfortunes.

I find, she said, you wish to go  
B 6 out

out as governess or companion ; for the former situation, I can recommend you to a lady of my acquaintance ; but your being a French woman, and so young, will be a great objection. As you speak English exceedingly well, I think you had better not acknowledge it, and only say you have lived a great many years in France ; you should likewise change your name for another. In consequence of Mrs. Mitford's advice, I assumed the name of Ashley, and was introduced by her to Mrs. Hardinge, as a young widow of noble family, who had met with misfortunes. The latter appeared much pleased with me, and her manners were so good-natured and affable, though her person was not perpossessing, that I cherished the hope



hope of being once more happy, though in a dependent situation, as the remembrance of my former prospects would permit me. Mrs. Hardinge took me the next day to her house at Twickenham; where the first circumstance that mortified me, was the apartment allotted for my use. It was so wretched a garret, that I could hardly stand upright in any part of it; it was likewise very close, and though the weather was extremely hot, one small casement only gave air to it. At dinner I saw the husband, who disgusted me with his vulgar, boisterous manners; but Mrs. Hardinge told me he was very good-natured; however I saw no appearance of it. The next morning I began the task of instruction, at which Mrs. Hardinge presided.



presided. I found her very satirical; she made not a few remarks on my abilities, and let me know she had no great idea of them, which quite intimidated me. I continued with the children till nine o'clock, when they went to bed, and then Mrs. Hardinge and myself had some conversation. She said Mrs. Mitford had given me so high a character, that she was rather disappointed, as I did not equal her expectations; but she fancied I had received a flattering education. Seeing me depressed by these observations, she expressed much friendship for me, and thus healed the wound she had inflicted, for I imputed the severity of her remarks to her candour, and not to ill-nature. But I soon found myself cruelly deceived. Her character

rafter was quite different from the first opinion I had formed of it, through the speciousness of her manners. She was continually miserable from the badness of her temper, which could not endure, that any individual in her power should feel that happiness she did not enjoy herself. If a gleam of cheerfulness, to which I had been so long a stranger, appeared on my countenance, she was sure to find some occasion to say an insulting thing, as she knew the fear I had of disobliging Mrs. Mitford, who was my only resource, would make me submit entirely to her caprice. As her own origin was very mean, she took frequent opportunities of accusing me of pride, on account of my noble birth, which, she observed, puffed me up with

with haughtiness, but that, if I derived any consequence from it, it would be the greatest misfortune to me in the world. Do not think, Mrs. Ashley, rudely addressing me, that you shall shew me any of your proud airs, I shall send you packing in less than a week, if I perceive them. Such gross language was unanswerable, and I judged it beneath me to recriminate. My only consolation was in sometimes taking a solitary walk, when, from any unaccountable whim, she would keep her daughters at home. My tears would then flow unrestrained; a luxury in which I could never else indulge, as the children were otherwise always with me, and resembled their mother in badness of disposition. Of this poor source of  
comfort,

comfort, I was, however, abridged. A gentleman of fortune, who lived in the neighbourhood, and had seen me by accident, took it into his head to fall in love with me. His principles were very libertine, which, added to my dependent state, made him form the project of seducing me, and adding my name to the list of those unhappy females he had undone. He wrote me numberless letters, which I returned unopened, and watched every opportunity of meeting me, when I walked out alone. This affair reached Mrs. Hardinge's ears, and I was commanded never to go out by myself, except to church. The propriety of this measure I was convinced of, but I felt overwhelmed with melancholy, by being thus deprived  
of



of this trifling relief to my exhausted spirits, which was necessary to my health, after a whole day's confinement. My situation became daily worse, for Mrs. Hardinge, as she grew more familiar with me, made no effort to restrain her ill-humour. She would put herself into the most dreadful rage on the most trifling occasion, and I never saw her enter the room, without an universal tremor pervading my whole frame, from the fear that she would discover some new cause of displeasure, though I was unwearied in my endeavours to please her: I had been engaged one morning, longer than usual, in the task of instruction, when, recollecting I had a letter to write to the nurse who had the care of my child at Hampstead, I  
sent



sent the Miss Hardinges into the garden with their maid, and ran up to my room in great haste, that I might finish it in time to dress for dinner. I had opened my writing desk, when I was alarmed by a shrill voice calling me, which I recollected to be Mrs. Hardinge's; I descended into the school-room, trembling with the dread of her anger, which I had reason to expect from the tone of her voice, and was accosted by her with the countenance of a fury, and in the most vehement terms, for having left the stools and chairs out of their place. I endeavoured to soften her rage, but she continued to revile me so grossly, that my fortitude deserted me; I burst into tears, and hastening to my wretched garret, threw

threw myself on the bed, where a fainting fit gave me a momentary oblivion of my sorrows. Oppressed with the misfortunes of my life, it required the greatest exertions of mind to prevent them from totally depressing me. When I came to myself, a shower of tears relieved my swollen heart, and I tried to recover from my dejection. I felt quite alone, nay worse than in the greatest solitude, though surrounded with human beings. To no one could I speak, or disclose the genuine sentiments of my heart, fearful of the shafts of malignant censure that are ever ready to wound the unfortunate and dependent. Oh! my Adelaide, I exclaimed, how opposite to the indulgent eye of your affection, which magnified the inclination

clination to virtue you had implanted in me, as the height of perfection! Excited by your praises, I felt a desire to emulate your goodness. And you, beloved d'Auvergne, whose affectionate heart participated in every joy and sorrow of your Gabriella, how wounded would your faithful bosom have been at the sight of my misery! little would your high and manly spirit have brooked, that I should be thus treated! but happiness is fled from me, and I remain a wretched, unprotected being. The sight of my woe-worn countenance, so far from exciting any compassion in Mrs. Hardinge, only increased her cruelty; as she perceived I had not courage to contend with her, her ill-treatment to me increased from that day, till, wearied

wearied with my sufferings, I invented some plausible excuse to leave her. To Mrs. Mitford I durst not again apply, as I was convinced Mrs. Hardinge had spoken very ill of me to her ; I did not suppose I should have as much credit given to my story as she would to hers, for her character was high in the estimation of many people, who were ignorant of her real disposition, and she could make herself very pleasing, as she possessed much information on many subjects. She wished her children to be prodigies, and if in any way they disappointed these expectations, her rancour was diffused to all around.

I cannot describe the painful, yet pleasing emotions, with which I embraced



embraced my dear boy after an absence of some months. I took him from nurse, and hired this lodging, intending to support myself by embroidering for shops, as some of the owners had promised to employ me. I had acquired such a distaste for the situation of a governess, as determined me to relinquish every idea of procuring it. I walked occasionally in the Green Park; the rest of my time was employed constantly at work.

I was surprised one Sunday at seeing in the pew I sat in, a very grotesque figure of a woman, whose eyes were fixed continually upon my face; her form was masculine, and she wore an old fashioned large flowered gown, a black bonnet with an  
hand-



handkerchief tied round her chin ; this delicate figure had a fan in her hand, which she held every now and then before her broad face : I never felt so great an inclination to laugh, and was glad when the service ended, as I mistrusted this propensity, every time my eye glanced towards her. It occurred to me that I had seen this woman's face before, although I could not ascertain the time or occasion ; but the mystery was developed the next day, by a letter I received from Mr. Lovemore, the gentleman who had persecuted me at Mr. Hardinge's, in which, he acknowledged having disguised himself to have the happiness of seeing me at church ; and after many protestations of love, concluded with offering me a handsome settlement.

This

This new insult affected me greatly; I threw the letter into the fire, and applied diligently to my work, to divert unpleasant thoughts. I was afraid to go out as usual, from the dread of meeting Mr. Lovemore; I soon found he had bribed the mistress of the house to be in his interest, who now lost the respect she had before treated me with, and often intruded into my apartment to converse about him, and reproach me for being so obstinate against my own advantage. My constitution, enervated by such repeated trials, sunk under the pressure, and I fell dangerously ill. The little property I had was soon expended in paying for the attendance of the medical tribe. On my recovery, I was destitute of money, and in debt

for some months rent to my landlady, from whose rigour I had every thing to dread. She began again to importune me respecting Mr. Love-  
more, who, she said, had been constant in his inquiries after my health. Finding me inflexible, she threatened to turn me out of the house if I did not pay her, which it was utterly impossible for me to do, as I had no resources, and was unable to procure work a second time, tho' I had attempted to do it. My faithful Nannette was returned to France, as waiting maid to a lady, which I had insisted she should do, when I went to Mrs. Hardinge's ; and I was now without a single person, to whom, by speaking of my distresses, I could have relieved the anguish of my mind. The only being  
that

that could afford me a shadow of relief, was my brother, as he had promised to write me about that time. I endeavoured to soothe my landlady, by assuring her that I expected remittances from abroad very soon, but nothing that I could alledge would calm her, and she was at the height of her anger, when you, my dear Miss Claremont, came like my guardian angel, to save me from destruction. Since I have paid my landlady, she has behaved with her former respect, which has induced me to remain here, the lodgings being cheap. Mr. Lovemore, finding me continue so obdurate, has, I imagine, given up the pursuit, as I have not heard from him lately. The return of my dear Ferdinand has been the greatest hap-



piness I have experienced since the deep wound that was given to my peace. He intends to retire with me into Wales, with the small wreck of his fortune, which will enable us to live in a genteel manner, though with a striking contrast to our former expectations; but the frowns of the world have made us philosophers, except only when the remembrance of those we loved, will raise the sigh of fond regret. If the tale of my misfortune has reconciled you to your own fate, I shall feel happy, though I fear the narrative of my afflictions has been tedious; but no apology will be necessary to a mind, fraught with sensibility like your's.

Ianthé, who had frequently wept during this recital of woe, assured  
Madam

Madam d'Auvergne, that she was highly obliged to her for the affecting relation of her life, and that nothing would teach her resignation so much, as the remembrance of her sufferings, in comparison of which, her own were trifling. Ianthé felt much elated, that the Marquis de Montalde intended to reside in Wales, and expressed a wish that he could fix his residence near Ruthlin, that Madam d'Auvergne might frequently visit her; but if it should be otherwise, then she desired, she made her promise, to pass some months with her, when she left London. While they were conversing, Ferdinand came in, and by the charming elegance of his manners, and the good sense he displayed in conversation, banished for a time

the gloom of care from Ianthé's brow. She thought him, with the exception of Lord Raymond, the handsomest man she had ever seen. His figure was tall and commanding, and an air of fashion gave a finish to the whole; he had, like his sister, no appearance of a foreigner; his complexion was fair and florid, his eyes and hair light as her's, which made them resemble each other exceedingly. The affection he shewed for Madam d' Auvergne and his little nephew, gave Ianthé the most favourable opinion of his heart; and she perceived the tears once start into his eyes, as he contemplated these early victims to misfortune. The affectionate behaviour of Montalde was a convincing demonstration, that the  
truly

truly brave have always the most feeling hearts. In early youth, he had evinced an inclination for the profession of arms, and though not yet two and twenty years of age, had been distinguished in many instances for his matchless courage. Affection for his sister, to whom he thought every sacrifice due for the misfortunes to which he considered himself, in some degree, accessory, by persuading her to elope with the unfortunate d'Auvergne, had induced him to resign his own inclinations to her happiness, as he hoped his society would prevent her from sinking into despondency; which he feared might be the consequence, were she left constantly to her own reflections. Ianthé found the time pass so pleasantly with these agreea-



ble companions, that she was grieved, when looking at her watch, she perceived it was four o'clock. She embraced the fair Gabriella, and kissing the sweet boy, was conducted to the carriage by Montalde, who saw her depart with regret.

---

Misfortune stands with her bow ever bent  
Over the world ; and he who wounds another,  
Directs the Goddess by that part he wounds,  
Where to strike deep, her arrows on himself.

YOUNG.

---

**H**APPINESS had long been estranged from Ianthé's bosom ; but the sight of her brother restored a portion of it ; he embraced her with equal sensations of pleasure, for he was tenderly attached to her. She related to him all that had passed since their separation, and he felt the highest indignation against St.

Clair, which nothing but his subsequent penitence could appease. Albert mentioned to her his intention of going into the army; this she endeavoured to dissuade him from, but in vain; as he was determined to pursue the path of glory which his father had followed. She could not but approve his determination, though her affection for him made her dread his encountering a life of so much danger. The Miss Sydenhams were much pleased with Albert. Ellen determined to make an attempt on his heart, as Lord Raymond's absenting himself, made her despair of gaining his. She thought the former little inferior in personal attractions to the latter, though considerably in fortune, and therefore renewed her kindness to his

his sister, as from his fondness for her, she considered it as the surest road to his affections. Ianthé, unsuspecting the motive, was happy in this alteration, without concerning herself about the cause. Mr. Peter Oxburn\* engrossed all Gertrude's attention; he had paid his addresses to Ianthé on her first coming to town, and piqued at her refusal of him, with the idea of mortifying her, offered himself to her cousin, where he was assured of a good reception, from the large fortune he was reported to have, and of which he was continually boasting. His person was so disgusting, that it was impossible for any woman of delicacy

\* A character from real life, residing in Devonshire.



cacy to like him, even if his mind had been amiable; for, though in some degree he concealed its vices under that refined artifice which he exercised on all occasions, the natural deformity of his soul would still appear, and the fallow hue of his unhealthy complexion, corresponded with the workings of his guilty mind. His heavy grey eyes scouled from beneath his dark lowering brows, and courted the ground, not daring to look an honest man in the face. They were never animated, but when basely triumphing over some innocent victim of his malicious disposition. The hideousness of his countenance was much increased by deep furrows made by the small pox, and a large scar on his forehead. He was short and fat;

fat; his shoulders prodigiously broad and round; and his legs like those of a porter. Such a combination of deformities, gained him the appellation of the Yellow Dwarf, by which he was generally distinguished; and it was very applicable to his complexion and figure. His soul was truly Italian, and could he have assassinated the objects of his dislike with any security to himself, he would not have scrupled to have done it: but though that method of vengeance was not in his power, he had occasioned many a broken heart by stabbing them in their fame and fortune; as his time was chiefly spent in meditating or executing his vindictive schemes. They were not however always successful, and often covered him with disgrace; as oppressed

pressed innocence will sometimes meet with protection from noble and virtuous minds. Fortune had been particularly kind to him, in raising him from a low and indigent situation, to a very respectable one; but he depreciated the value of her gifts by his manners and depravity. He was so deficient in common sense, as to be continually talking ostentatiously of his ancestors, when he was publicly known to be descended from the lowest dregs of the French nation. To sum up his character; "His neighbours scorned him as a brute; his dependants dreaded him as an oppressor; and he had only the gloomy comfort of reflecting, that if he was hated, he was also feared by those who were dependant on him."

Willoughby

Willoughby was introduced to Albert by Ianthé, as her preserver; for much as she disliked him, the grateful sentiments of her heart would not suffer her to neglect a person to whom she was so highly indebted. When Albert requested to be ranked in the number of his friends, his confusion was extreme; as he reflected how unworthy he was of that title, from his late treacherous conduct, which had done away all claims to her gratitude: but he had now gone too far, he thought, to recede, and consoled himself with the idea of escaping detection; for his vanity flattered him, that he would gain her affection, which would repay him for all the stings of conscience. While Ianthé lamented, in secret, the estrangement of Lord

Ray-



Raymond, he had retired to a beautiful villa on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, where he lived in a melancholy seclusion from the gay world. He had requested a friend to inform him of every thing relating to Miss Claremont, and was, by him, acquainted that Lord Lindor had quitted London, which he attributed to the arrival of her brother, whose presence would prove an impediment to their secret interviews.

One morning he was walking by the side of the river, his thoughts engaged on their usual object, when the sound of mirth, to which he had been long accustomed, interrupted his meditations; and he perceived a party of ladies and gentlemen

men approaching, among whom he distinguished Ianthé. Their mutual emotion at the sight of each other was undescrivable. Lord Raymond only touched his hat and passed hastily on. The company, which consisted of Lady Sydenham and her daughters, Willoughby, Mr. Peter Oxburn, and Albert, were too eagerly conversing about Lord Raymond's distant behaviour, to observe Ianthé's confusion, which was noticed only by her brother, who felt highly irritated at his contemptuous neglect of good manners, and thought it inexcusable. The fineness of the weather for the time of the year, had induced Lady Sydenham to pass a day at an elegant house she had at Kew, whence they had walked to Richmond, where the  
un-

unexpected sight of Lord Raymond had renewed all Ianthé's sorrows. She experienced a melancholy the remainder of the day, which she could not conquer, though the ridiculous figure Mr. Peter Oxburn made, and his pompous fallies to appear of consequence, had before diverted her exceedingly. He strutted about, as if he wished his new pea-green coat to be admired, and made himself more absurd than ever by repeating Milton's *Il penseroso* in a manner he thought inimitable, but which convulsed the whole party with laughter.

Ianthé passed a very restless night, her imagination continually recurring to the remembrance of Lord Raymond. Dejected and unhappy,  
she

she felt pity where anger ought to have been the predominant sentiment, as she could attribute his conduct to no justifiable cause ; but her compassionate heart led her to believe that he could find an excuse for what now wore the semblance of caprice. The family did not appear at the breakfast table till late, most of them being fatigued with the last day's excursion. Albert went out soon after, and Ianthé experienced some uneasiness, as she observed he appeared melancholy and absent, and saluted her with unusual tenderness, when he left her. A packet from Nice had been expected every day, and she eagerly anticipated a letter from Sir James, or Lady Claremont. Every other anxiety was but a second consideration, compared



pared to her wish of knowing the state of their health ; an object that was continually present to her thoughts. Her perturbed fancy represented her father dying, and her mother overcome with grief, ready to follow him : these mournful tidings, she concluded, her brother had concealed, in hope that a favourable change might take place, before another letter arrived. She found suspense worse than the most dreadful confirmation of her suspicions, and sent every ten minutes to inquire if Albert were returned, resolved to request an explanation of him. She remained till four o'clock in all the tortures of uncertainty, for which she could not, however, avoid blaming herself, as his melancholy might originate in some chagrin

grin that was immaterial to her. Endeavouring to conquer her feelings, she touched the bell for her servant, whom she had hired to supply Alice's place, as the latter had accompanied Lady Claremont to Nice. When she had finished dressing, she took up a book to amuse her till dinner, as she hoped her brother would be returned by that time; but though a very interesting work, it could not engage her attention. Dinner was announced, and she entered the room with the hope of seeing him there. Her disappointment was redoubled, and Lady Sydenham observed how pale she looked, and that she did not eat any thing. Ashamed to have her weakness noticed, she exerted herself to recover some degree of cheerfulness, and

and endeavoured to persuade herself that her fears were imaginary. In the evening, a large company was assembled in the drawing-room ; every one was gay and animated, and she caught the general humour. Finding the heat rather oppressive from the crowd of company, she walked to the reception room, attended by Gertrude and some other ladies, with a number of beaux in their suite. A sudden bustle below stairs drew Ianthé's attention, though it was disregarded by the rest of the company ; but she fancied she heard her brother's name repeated several times, and was hastening to inquire if he was returned, when a sudden exclamation of, " he is murdered, he is murdered," filled her with alarm upon his account ; terrified at  
what

what she had heard, she darted forwards, and rushing into the hall, beheld Albert with the countenance of death, and his clothes stained with blood, supported by several persons. She uttered a heart-piercing shriek, and fell senseless into the arms of Montalde, who had endeavoured to save her from the horror of such an agonizing sight; but it was now too late, as her appearance was instantaneous. He had given orders that this melancholy event should be kept secret from her, till the surgeon had examined the wound and informed him of the extent of his friend's danger; but the sudden exclamation of one of the female servants had rendered concealment impossible. When Ianthé recovered, after remaining insensible some hours, she



she inquired after her brother with an agony of expression, that seemed to threaten a relapse, if her fears for his life were not wholly quieted. She was assured, which was really true, that he was better, as the wound in his arm was far from being dangerous, his death-like appearance, which had so much alarmed her, was occasioned by the loss of blood, and she was satisfied with the promise of being permitted to see him the next day. Calmed by this account, exhausted nature at length found relief, and she sunk into a sweet slumber, in which she remained some hours, and when she awoke, had the satisfaction of seeing her dear Gabriella sitting by the bedside. Ianthé considered herself as in a pleasing dream, and could hardly believe her happiness

ness to be real; so soothing was the society of a feeling mind to her distresses. As she was much refreshed by repose, she requested to be informed of the particulars that had occasioned Albert to endanger his life. Madame d'Auvergne wished Ianthé to defer the recital till the next day, as she thought it very reprehensible to risque the hurting her feelings in her present weak state; but the latter was so importunate, that she could not refuse her this gratification.

Joseph, your brother's servant, said Gabriella, came into his apartment this morning, and after apologizing for disturbing him so early, gave him a letter to read, which, he said, Miss Claremont's servant had found and entrusted to him. It was

from Willoughby to Ellen Sydenham, relating the plot he had laid for you at the masquerade, and of his having procured Mr. Lambton to personate Lord Lindors, with several other circumstances that were not repeated to me, but appeared sufficient to prove the villainy of the writer. Joseph being your maid's sweetheart, she shewed the letter to him, and he insisted upon his master's seeing it, to the great terror of Sally, who said you would be angry with her for reading it, and perhaps discharge her, for which she could never forgive herself, as you were so sweet a young lady. However he quieted her, by saying he would request his master not to mention it to you. Your brother's resentment against Willoughby was beyond description; after

after desiring Joseph to be silent on the subject, and to tell Sally not to let you have the least hint of the discovery, he called on Montalde (which he has frequently done since you introduced him to us) and related the affair. He declared that, if Willoughby refused to acknowledge he had been the means of traducing you, he would challenge him, and accordingly requested my brother to be his second for that purpose. They went immediately to Willoughby, who denied the whole, and refused to give them Mr. Lambton's address. He accepted your brother's challenge, and they met at seven o'clock in the evening at a tavern. Willoughby was so dangerously wounded, that his life was despaired of when the surgeons were with him, which was



before your brother was brought to Grosvenor Square. As soon as Mr. Claremont's wound was dressed, Montalde came and gave me this concise account of the whole affair. When I heard what you had suffered from this unexpected shock, I insisted upon visiting you; I was introduced to Lady Sydenham as your friend, and she received me with much affability; but your cousins eyed me with a great deal of curiosity. They are ignorant, I believe, at present, that their confederacy with Willoughby is discovered, and your brother will spare them as much as possible, as Lady Sydenham would never recover the grief which the knowledge of their shameful conduct would make her feel. Ianthe assured Gabriella that her anguish

guish would have passed relief, and that she never could have felt happiness if Albert had been killed. She reprobated duelling in the warmest terms, and expressed how miserable she should be, if Willoughby did not recover, as she could not support the reflection of being in the slightest degree accessory to the death of a fellow creature. Though his treachery had cancelled every obligation, she yet remembered he had been her preserver. We shall hear of him to-morrow from Montalde, replied Gabriella, therefore do not be uneasy on that head. Ianthé now received that consolation from her friend, which she had imparted to her in the hour of distress, and felt more forcibly than ever, how much an interchange of  
of

of kindness contributed to the happiness of mankind.

At three o'clock the next day, Miss Claremont was permitted to see Albert, and the conflict of her emotions at that moment, tho' she tried to conceal them, was almost insupportable. How near, said she mentally, was I losing this beloved brother! and what a poor miserable being I should have remained, deprived of all that I love! soon perhaps will he be every thing to me, father, mother, brother, friend. She knelt by the bed-side, and taking his hand, bedewed it with her tears; which her utmost efforts could not withhold. He was unutterably affected by her distress. When she was more composed, he intreated her to be careful  
of

of her health, and after conversing a short time together, she took leave, as she was fearful of agitating his spirits. Montalde made them a visit soon after, and they learned that little hopes were entertained of Willoughby's recovery, a circumstance that gave Ianthé the deepest concern. She was likewise apprehensive that his death might occasion fatal consequences to Albert. Montalde promised to be attentive in his inquiries concerning Willoughby's health, and Ianthé's spirits were revived now that she had seen her brother, as she had till then apprehended he was in much greater danger. The following day afforded her a fresh source of comfort, by a letter from her mother, of the most affectionate tenor, in which she informed her, that the



knowledge of her safety had proved more beneficial to Sir James, than any thing else had done; that he proposed to return to England in two months, and anticipated the happiness of folding his beloved Ianthé to his parental bosom. She was impatient to inform Albert of this welcome intelligence, and softly entering his apartment, sat by the side of his bed till he awaked, and then imparted to him the pleasing contents of Lady Claremont's letter; he participated in her joy, and she had the additional pleasure of finding him better than he had been. Montalde came, as usual, to see Albert, but did not remain long, as he had some particular business, which, he said, would detain him great part of the day, but in the evening he would

wait

wait on Miss Claremont to inform her how Willoughby continued, as he had not yet sent to inquire.

Ianthé and her friend Gabriella passed several hours with Albert, who continued, as well as in the morning; their chief anxiety was now centered in Willoughby, whose recovery seemed very doubtful, and they were impatient for Montalde's return. He came about seven o'clock, and his countenance wore an air of such deep concern, that it instantly alarmed the ladies, whose thoughts necessarily reverted to the object that occupied them. How is poor Willoughby! they both exclaimed? Montalde shook his head, and replied, that at present there were no hopes of his life, as the agitation of

his mind, co-operating with the pain of his wounds, had brought on a fever, which it was feared would be fatal. Convinced of his danger, continued Montalde, he has intreated me to prevail on you to see him, and receive his assurances of repentance ; your forgiveness will smoothe his last moments, which otherwise, he says, will be severe indeed. I felt much hurt at such a request, as I knew that a compliance with it would acutely wound your sensibility ; but a refusal, I think, is impossible ; as you will agree with me, that in his wretched state it would be a cruelty. If I have been presumptuous, Miss Claremont, in supposing how you will act, excuse me, as I am guided by my knowledge of the susceptibility of your heart, which, to  
soften

soften the woes of others, will not spare its own feelings.

Ianthé bowed to this compliment, but her heart was too full for utterance, and tho' she did not hesitate in going to Willoughby, her feelings told her, the mournful task would be a painful trial. She had no female friend to accompany her, except Gabriella, whom she could not think of subjecting to such a scene, as it must recal to her remembrance the murdered d'Auvergne. Lady Sydenham and her daughters were engaged with company, whom they could not with any degree of propriety leave. While she was deliberating, Montalde again urged the necessity of her departing directly, from the uncertainty of Willoughby's life.



With a beating heart and trembling steps she arose, and saying she was ready, was conducted by him in silence to the carriage.

Her agitations augmented as they approached the house, which she entered, hardly able to support herself. Montalde left her, while he went to prepare Willoughby for the interview, and returned in a few minutes to accompany her to him. She was not familiarized to scenes of death, and feeling a tremor she could not suppress, remained some time at the door of the apartment, before she had resolution to enter it. The curtains were drawn round the bed, which prevented the unfortunate man from seeing her immediately.

An

An old lady, whose venerable aspect inspired respect and esteem, was seated by the fire, apparently overcome with sorrow ; and a young girl, whose face she could not perceive, was kneeling by the bedside ; and she heard her say in a low voice, My dear Charles, the lady is come, Heavenly goodness ! he exclaimed, I shall now die happy. Let me see her. The young lady now rose from her kneeling posture, and advancing to Ianthé, made a motion for her to approach the bed, which she did in an agitation that almost overpowered her. His countenance was stamped, to all appearance, with the image of death : he raised his mournful eyes towards her face, now almost as pale as his own. His voice was, for some moments, lost in the  
vio-

violence of his emotions ; but recovering himself, he said, in a hollow tone that thrilled her with horror, like a voice from the tomb : Oh, angel of benevolence ! will you forgive *him*, who would have destroyed your happiness by blasting your spotless fame ? Wretched has been my conduct ; but who could view your virtues and fascinating charms, without a wish to possess them ! Yet, let not resentment harbour in that gentle bosom ; may my errors be attoned for by my sufferings. You weep ! Oh, precious drops, unworthy am I of them. Say, you forgive me ; but can I dare expect it ? With a tremulous voice, and in words scarcely articulate, Ianthé assured him of her sincere forgiveness ; and incapable of supporting  
any

any longer, a scene, painful in the extreme to both, after suffering him to imprint a kiss on her hand, took, as she imagined, a last farewell of him.

The old lady bowed to her when she left the room, and his sister, in a graceful manner, thanked her for the compassion she had evinced for her unfortunate brother, though he did not merit her goodness; she added, that her mother was equally sensible of it, but too much affected to express her gratitude. Ianthé, after declaring herself much obliged by her politeness, joined Montalde who was waiting for her. My fears are realized, said he, perceiving how severely her feelings had been wounded. I have been miserable at your  
being



being obliged to witness such a scene; my own sufferings were keen, as I was much interested for his mother and sister, who are both excellent characters, and much attached to him, as he has always been affectionate to them, though his vices have obscured every other good quality. I sincerely hope he will recover; but it is hardly possible to expect it. Ianthé agreed with him in his favourable opinion of Mrs. Willoughby and her daughter; she thought the latter pretty and interesting, and that she had no personal resemblance to her brother.

Montalde pitied Willoughby for his hopeless passion, as he now tasted its bitterness; for to see her continually without experiencing that love  
which

which had been fatal to so many, was impossible. Her beauty alone would have been inadequate to captivate a mind so refined as his; but it was the sensibility of her heart and the sweetness of her disposition that shone conspicuous in every action. How soothing he thought her gentle voice, when exercising the duties of compassion. Unhappy Montalde! this unfortunate passion alone was wanting to complete your misery. This made you truly feel the loss of fortune, by forbidding you to aspire to the object of your love.

IANTHE.

---

————— But thro the heart  
Should jealousy its Venom once diffuse,  
'Tis then delightful misery no more ;  
But agony unmixed ! incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought; and blasting all  
Love's Paradise —————

THOMPSON.

---

THE calm infused into Willoughby's mind by Ianthé's forgiveness, procured him a night of tranquillity and ease ; the next day, to the surprise of every one, hopes began to be entertained of his recovery. Ianthé  
heard

heard this pleasing intelligence with the most heart-felt joy which increased the pleasure that arose from the prospect of her brother's returning health.

Lady Sydenham was desirous that Albert and his sister should remain with her, till the arrival of Sir James and Lady Claremont; but they had proposed to return to Ruthlin, to prepare every thing for the reception of their parents, as soon as Albert should be recovered, and therefore declined continuing in Grosvenor Square. The Miss Sydenhams were considerably relieved to find they would not remain much longer in town, for, conscious that their perfidy was discovered, they were glad to be rid of the presence of their cousins,  
which



which was a continual reproach to them. Ianthé joined in very few of their parties, and confined herself chiefly to the society of Albert, Gabriella, and Montalde, and thus unknowingly increased the violence of the latter's passion. It was not nourished by hope, as he had been informed of her affection for Lord Raymond; he therefore determined to try the effects of absence in conquering his fatal love. Madam d'Auvergne was not surprised at his sudden resolution of retiring immediately into Wales, as she had long witnessed the inward struggles of his mind, to detach himself from Ianthé. The cottage he was to reside in, had been purchased for him by a lawyer, and he was ignorant of its being but a short distance from Ruthlin

lin Hall, though he knew it was situated in the same county. The circumstance of its being so near the residence of his friends, he would have rejoiced at, but for his unhappy passion. The romantic and picturesque scenery, with which he had been told Wales abounded, had induced him to choose his retirement there, as his sister's taste and his own were congenial.

The deepest concern was in the countenance of Montalde, when he bade adieu to Ianthé, who embraced Gabriella with tears in her eyes, though she wiped them hastily away, considering it a weakness, as they were to meet again in so short a time. She had persuaded the latter to let Adolphus remain with her,  
till

till she returned to Ruthlin Hall, as she was extremely fond of him. They exacted a promise from each other to write often, which neither was disposed to neglect. As Albert continued to recover, Ianthé flattered herself they would soon be able to return to Wales, for she was impatient to revisit the happy scenes of her youth, for which a knowledge of the world had increased her relish. Her heart sickened at the contemplation of the selfishness of mankind, who, solely intent upon their own gratification, shrink from distresses, suffering worth, and innocence. Some highly exalted characters she had met with, to reconcile her to human nature; but the number was comparatively small. How different from the glowing  
picture

picture which youthful fancy drew,  
when her imagination represented  
every being as good, as virtuous,  
and as innocent as herself!

Then glows the breast, as op'ning roses fair,  
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;  
Honest as light, transparent ev'n as air,  
Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,  
Not all the craft to subtle age assign'd,  
Not science shall extort that dear delight,  
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.\*

The accidental sight of Ianthé,  
which Lord Raymond had at Rich-  
mond, heightened his misery; though  
hope whispered she might yet be  
guiltless; he was conscious that his  
precipitation in relinquishing her,  
without any previous explanation,

\* SHENSTONE.



must forfeit every claim to her affection. The thought was agonizing, and his feelings nearly bordered on distraction. To amuse, by a change of scene, his distempered mind, he was continually making excursions to different places, and hoped by that sort of dissipation to relieve the poignancy of his reflections. After being absent for some weeks, he found, on his return home, a letter from Lord de Mountfort, which acquainted him with the death of his brother-in-law, who had been thrown from his phaeton near Dublin, and was killed on the spot. He added, how anxious he was to quit a place, that would bring the disagreeable recollection to his memory, and that he should be in Portman Square as soon as decorum would permit. Lord Ray-

Raymond felt much for his sister, as he was convinced this unexpected accident must wound her feelings acutely, though he knew Mr. Rivers was not the man of her choice. But he was ignorant of her former attachment, and concluded she had sustained the loss of him with pain, as her indifference was most probably converted into esteem. This idea, therefore, of her misfortunes increased his own, which were already more than he could well support.

Lady Laura had indeed experienced a severe shock from the melancholy circumstances that attended his death. Their affections however were not mutual; for he had never endeavoured to conciliate her regard by any tender attentions, but treated her with a churlishness of manners

very grating to a woman of sensibility. Gaming, hunting, and drinking occupied so much of his time, that he was seldom with her; and she would have been in a situation very dangerous for a beautiful young lady, if her father, who saw with grief her unprotected state, had not remained with her longer than he had at first intended, with the expectation that a reform would take place in the conduct of Mr. Rivers. The asperity of Lord de Mountfort's temper was now softened, by finding, that however highly he thought of his own judgment, yet he might err; as it was obvious to every one, and he could not conceal it from himself, that the extravagance of his son-in-law would have defeated the views he had indulged of his daughter.

daughter's aggrandizement; and that there was every prospect of her becoming a beggar. But notwithstanding past experience, no sooner had death laid his icy hand on the inconsiderate victim, than all these apprehensions vanished; and he began to regret chimerical losses, forgetting his daughter's fortunate escape from the mortifying situation of an indigent woman of quality; a condition, of all, the most pitiable, as the unfeeling world is ever ready to vent the pointed sarcasm on fallen nobility, suffering under the lash of misfortune; a disposition particularly observable in those, whose ignoble descent prompts them to bring every one to their own level. Lord Raymond was informed by the newspapers of the duel between Wil-

E 2                      lough-



loughby and Mr. Claremont, and he trembled with anxiety for Ianthé, whose exquisite sensibility must have greatly affected her peace of mind on such an occasion. As the period drew near for the expected arrival of Lord de Mountfort and Lady Laura, he removed to Portman Square to receive them. He would walk several hours every night before Lady Sydenham's house, with the expectation of catching a glance at Ianthé; but his trouble was unrequited, as she rarely went out, and seldom approached the window. Languid and disappointed, he at length gave up the fruitless pursuit, but procured daily intelligence of Albert's health.

Lord Raymond felt a long unexperienced gleam of pleasure at the sight

fight of his father and sister; the dejected appearance of the latter told her late sufferings; and when the first emotions of joy at seeing each other had subsided, her first question was after Ianthé; but she was astonished at the anguish in his countenance, and the confusion with which he related, in a voice scarcely audible, her recent distress. Lady Laura sighed, and saying they had been related in misfortune, mentioned her intention of calling on her the next day, and that he must be her escort. He evaded answering her, as his father was present, and began conversing on a subject more remote from his heart. But the next day, when alone with his sister, he opened himself sufficiently to let her see that a coolness subsisted between him and

Ianthé ; but he carefully concealed the cause, as he wished not to injure her in Lady Laura's opinion, who, supposing it some trifling difference, insisted he should accompany her to Grosvenor Square. However reluctant he appeared, he found himself obliged either to comply or to explain his situation : yet he felt a pleasure in the expectation of seeing Ianthé, that he could not restrain, and would not own to himself.

Ianthé was reading to Albert when Lord Raymond and Lady Laura were introduced ; she hastily threw down the book, and was in an instant folded in her friend's embrace. The tears of joy trembled in her beauteous eyes, and her cheeks, enlivened by pleasure, emulated the  
delicate

delicate blush of the rose; but the lovely suffusion fled, when she perceived Lord Raymond advance to make his compliments, and she received them with the same confusion with which they were delivered. The affliction the fair friends had suffered since their last meeting, had made great devastations in their persons, and was very discernible to each other. Lord Raymond was wounded to the quick, at the alteration in Ianthé's appearance from grief, and at the sadness visible in her countenance, when the transient pleasure had subsided which the sight of her friend had inspired. Yet without accusing him of being unfeeling, he would have felt happy had he known he was himself the principal cause of her dejection, as



he could instantly have removed it, by assuring her of his unabated love. As Ianthé never addressed herself to him, but considered his presence as an insult, he shortened his visit, as much as possible, to the great chagrin of Lady Laura, who unwillingly accompanied him; but not till she had obtained a promise from Miss Claremont and her brother, to be in Portman Square the next day.

Ianthé was uneasy at the idea of meeting Lord Raymond, but fortunately she was spared this embarrassment, as he was absent the whole day, purposely to avoid her. Lady Laura thought his conduct very mysterious; but she had too much delicacy to require an explanation from Ianthé, as she did not  
appear

appear to wish the subject introduced; her own heart fluttered exceedingly, when informed of Lord Lindors' invariable constancy, and the frequent interviews he had with Ianthé, merely to converse about his beloved Laura; but the disappointment the latter had met with, and the uncertainty she had experienced of the best founded hopes and expectations, restrained her from encouraging the pleasing prospects, that would imperceptibly steal into her imagination. Ianthé and Albert visited her constantly, as the latter was quite recovered, and Willoughby almost cured of his wounds. The former had no longer any excuse for dejection, she was therefore obliged by exerting her spirits to conceal the melancholy that preyed

upon her; but when alone, she sunk under its weight. The presence of Lord Raymond seldom pained her, as he was generally absent, from the dread of meeting her; yet the conflict of her mind was so severe, that it visibly affected her health, notwithstanding her efforts to conceal it. To the anxious inquiries of her friends, she alledged that London did not agree with her, and that the air of the Welch mountains would soon restore her. Albert was of the same opinion, and pressed her departure for Wales, which she willingly consented to; and they were to begin their journey the following week. Lady Laura, when informed of their intention, said she would endeavour to prevail on Lord de Mountfort to visit the castle,

castle, as she had another motive to induce her, besides being near her friend, which was to see the lovely Gabriella and gallant Montalde, whom she was quite charmed with from the description she had received of them.

Ianthé was very early in Portman Square the morning before she began her journey; as Lady Laura was dressing, she desired that she might not be interrupted, and amused herself in playing with little Adolphus; a deep-drawn sigh near her suddenly drew her attention, and turning hastily round, she beheld leaning against the wall, the figure of Lord Raymond, in whose countenance grief and despair were strongly depicted: supposing him



at Richmond, the surprize at seeing him made her turn so pale, that, apprehensive she was going to faint, he flew to her, and in an incoherent manner expressed his sorrow for having alarmed her—" But I am fated," he exclaimed, " to make you wretched ; did you know what I have suffered, the hours of anguish I have passed, when this, this only, said he, taking a miniature of her from his bosom, was my consolation, you would feel for me." Ianthe now inclined her head over the child, endeavouring in vain to conceal her tears, which fell fast on his face : " I see you compassionate me," continued Lord Raymond, but I disdain the pity of the woman to whom I have aspired ; 'tis madness to think of it. Oh ! that the cause  
that

that rends my heart were removed, and I could find you innocent as my warm fancy had pictured, and, folding you in these arms, forget how wretched you have made me! Weak fool as I am! I could not resist once more gazing at that face which promised me every happiness. Yet I forgive you, Ianthé, all the pangs you have inflicted, and my latest breath shall be for your felicity." He did not observe, in the distracted state of his mind, that his last words were unheeded by her to whom they were addressed, till roused by the deep sobs that burst from her agitated bosom, he hastened to her, and taking her in his arms accused himself of cruelty, while the innocent sufferer was insensible to all that passed.

His endeavours to restore her were successful, and not daring to trust himself any longer than she was recovered, he tore himself away from her. Ianthé could hardly believe the reality of what had happened; till finding she could not be deceived, she burst into tears. "He is gone then," she exclaimed, "and retains the belief of my infidelity; how undeserving am I of his cruel reproaches! Unfeeling Raymond, was it possible you could suspect the purity of my heart! But, no, recollecting herself, his emotions were feigned; some other object possesses his heart, and he has formed this plausible excuse to break his engagement. I will conquer my predilection for him, as he has proved unworthy of it." Alas! unfortunate  
Ianthé!

Ianthé ! too deep had been the impression to be easily eradicated ; nor was the resentment you felt of long duration ; soon did the unpleasant part of the picture vanish, and bring to your memory the graces that had captivated your mind. It represented him handsome, elegant and engaging, adorned with every virtue, to make his loss more severe. She might with great justice have said with the poet, that “ the course of  
“ true love never did run smooth.”

With the utmost difficulty Ianthé evaded Lady Laura's questions, at perceiving the traces of tears on her cheek, as she did not wish to cause any additional uneasiness to her friend, who had already drunk of the cup of sorrow to its very dregs,



and would feel bitterly the errors of Lord Raymond ; she, therefore, assumed a cheerfulness during the remainder of the day, quite foreign to her heart, but which succeeded in misleading Lady Laura, who hoped she was deceived in supposing Ianthé had any inward source of grief.

Albert ordered the chaise early the next morning ; and as nothing impeded their immediate departure, having taken leave of the family the preceding night, Ianthé, who was impatient for it, entered the carriage with alacrity. She could not avoid contrasting her journey to town with the present one, which the company of her brother rendered so much more comfortable than when a solitary, friendless being, she had no  
one

one to soothe her drooping spirits, or pour a lenient balm into her aching heart. They travelled thirty miles a day, and viewed every place on the road, worthy notice. Ianthé had observed at several of the first stages where they stopped a gentleman very much muffled up, whose figure bore a strong resemblance to Lord Raymond; but the improbability of such a circumstance induced her to believe she was deceived, tho' the sound of his voice when he spoke to the postillion might alone have convinced her it was he.

The re-establishment of the old servants in their places at Ruthlin-Hall, had given the first intelligence of the expected return of the family, which

which was hailed with joy by the poor inhabitants of the neighbouring village, as they had keenly felt the loss of their benefactors, and sighed for their presence. The carriage entered Landriff Cliff amidst the acclamations of the people, who testified their joy by every demonstration of rustic mirth and jollity. The bells of the antient village church rung merrily, and vibrated at a distance not unpleasantly on the ear of Albert, who sent some money to be distributed among the inhabitants, to their great satisfaction.

It was the latter end of March, when they arrived at Ruthlin Hall, and the trees began to bud forth their vernal beauties. Encouraged by the unusual warmth of the season,

son, already were the banks covered with primroses; and the blue violet, which encircled by common plants, like the wise and virtuous, shed a sweet odour around; whilst the flowers without perfume resembling the insignificant part of mankind, raised their proud heads ostentatiously to attract notice. These early offsprings of the year gave a foretaste of the luxuriant beauties which would afterwards crown it, and Ianthé felt a glow of pleasure spring in her heart at this lovely prospect of animated nature. The old woman who had attended on her when she paid her former melancholy visit, came to welcome her young master and mistress. "Cot pless your la'ship's honor," said she, curtsying to her, "I pe glat  
" to



“ to see you and my honour’t young  
“ master, for fartin poth your hon-  
“ ours looks put peeking and puny ;  
“ put some nice goat’s fey fill soon  
“ make you hearty again. Here  
“ hath a bin a fine fhentleman and  
“ laty, to inquire after you, and  
“ they haf left this bit of card.”

Ianthé dismissed the old woman, and looking at the card, saw Madame d’Auvergne and Montalde’s address at Glenmore Cottage. It gave her pleasure to find they were such near neighbours, as their residence was but four miles from Ruthlin. She was unacquainted with this before, as Gabriella, when she wrote, had forgotten to mention the name of the place, intending to write again. But she heard a short time after from her servant, who  
had

had lived formerly in Sir James Claremont's family, that Albert and Ianthé were daily expected at his house, which was in the neighbourhood. Agreeably surprized, she rode with her brother to Ruthlin Hall, where the pleasing intelligence was confirmed; and, thinking it useless, now gave up all thoughts of writing.

*Albert*

*to Ianthé*

The following morning, Albert and Ianthé visited their friends; they were charmed with the situation of Glamore Cottage, and surprised that in all their rides they had never seen it before. The path to it was

---

But yet his heart could not withstand  
The force of mighty love ;  
Nor yet against a fair maid's eyes  
His soul unfeeling prove.

And for this fault (if fault it was)  
Let none condemn the youth ;  
For love I ween's companion meet  
For courage and for truth.

WATKINS.

---

THE following morning Albert and Ianthé visited their friends ; they were charmed with the situation of Glenmore Cottage, and surprized, that in all their rides they had never seen it before. The path to it was  
cut

cut through an extensive wood, from which they descended into a glen; and the cottage then appeared in view; it was only one story high, neatly white-washed. The sweet-scented jessamin and the aromatic myrtle were twined round the pointed casements, filling the air with pleasing odours. Here the birds, whose liberty was never disturbed, sung with the sweetest harmony among the green foliage of the trees that surrounded it, whose branches, meeting at top, formed an arbour to shelter it from the sultry heats of summer. A clear rivulet watered the neighbouring meadows, and murmured under the shade of an orchard near the cottage. In this clear water sported the ducks and their young ones;  
the



the gentle doves drank of the pure stream, and walking on the mossy turf before it, added to the rural beauty of the scene.

This charming spot seemed the abode of tranquil virtue and elegant simplicity. The cottage was furnished in a style that did honour to the judicious taste of its owners. To guard against ennui, which might take possession of the mind on a gloomy or rainy day, or when the coldness of Winter, or the burning heat of Summer forbade walking, an excellent library of books was provided, with a forte piano and several other musical instruments. Ianthé observed her name carved on the smooth rind of the trees, and Albert rallied Montalde upon this piece

piece of gallantry; but his confusion, which was more than the occasion justified, had very nearly betrayed his feelings. Mutual congratulations passed between the friends at meeting each other; Gabriella eagerly clasped her dear Adolphus to her bosom. The countenance of Montalde wore the resemblance of happiness, but his heart was torn with the most cruel anguish. He had been studious to avoid the situation into which he was unwillingly thrown, from the conviction, that a frequent intercourse with the object of his regard would strengthen an attachment which he had wished to weaken by absence; but it was now impossible, as he could not quit his new residence without incurring a variety of sus-

picious, to which he would not willingly subject himself. He feared, that if the real cause were suspected, Ianthé might deem it presumptuous in a man of his fallen fortune, to harbour a passion for her, and perhaps banish him entirely from her presence; which would be the most cruel punishment: for, though he wished not to feed his love by being frequently with her, he trembled to forego that happiness for ever. The dejection which he observed to steal over her in her gayest moments, left him no hope, as he was convinced it must proceed from the affection she still retained for Lord Raymond. The retirement of Glenmore and its romantic scenery, were well adapted to an unfortunate lover; nothing offered to divert his melancholy, and every

every object contributed to make him cherish his passion. A week passed in a manner extremely agreeable, varied alternately by visits from Montalde and his sister at Ruthlin, and of Albert and Ianthé at Glenmore; a congeniality of taste, producing a reciprocity of pleasure in each other's society. Gabriella was pensive from the remembrance of her misfortunes, but Ianthé and her brother were very lively; and even Montalde, who was naturally gay, would often lose his dejection in their company.

The presence of Sir James and Lady Claremont now promised an additional happiness to their children, who had received a letter, dated London, which imparted the



pleasing news, that the former would be at Ruthlin Hall in three days, accompanied by the Count Verrina, and his sister Lady Rosa Verrina; the letter mentioned them both in terms of the highest admiration, and spoke warmly of the polite attention received from them in Italy. How slowly did the time pass in Ianthé's opinion, during the three days! on the fourth an avant courier announced that the travellers were but a few miles from Ruthlin. The blissful moment at length arrived, and Lady Claremont and her daughter wept with joy in each other's arms, and for some time were unable to speak, so much did this excess of happiness affect them. Sir James was quite recovered, but Lady Claremont looked extremely ill.

ill. Anxiety for those dearer to her than her existence, had impaired her constitution, and it was feared the consequence would be a consumption, as her lungs seemed to be affected; but she endeavoured to conceal her illness, that she might avoid embittering the happiness which Sir James and his children enjoyed after so long an absence.

When recovered from the first transports of joy, Ianthé had leisure to contemplate the Count and his sister. The latter was a brunette, with features so exquisitely fine as rarely to be seen in England, and such as a Titian would have copied in forming a countenance, beautiful and captivating in the highest degree. Her figure was

tall and elegant, and she had an air of superior dignity. The count resembled Lady Rosa, but his complexion was much darker; he affected a stateliness in his behaviour to every person, except those he wished to please, which made him rather respected than beloved; accustomed in his own country to a great deal of homage, he disliked the free manners of the English nation, and it was difficult to combat his prejudices, which in many instances were very strong.

Ianthé would have been perfectly happy, if the image of Lord Raymond, and the consciousness of his ill opinion, had not often intruded, and inflicted a pang which her greatest exertions of fortitude could not prevent ;

prevent; but she endeavoured to steel her heart with resentment, and flattered herself, that in time he would become quite indifferent to her. Lady Laura had written once, since she had left London, and mentioned Lord Lindors' having visited her, but of her brother she did not say any thing.

Ruthlin Hall was now the constant resort of company; its noble owners wished to make it gay and agreeable to the count and Lady Rosa; they therefore visited all the genteel people in the neighbourhood, and several families from the nearest country town, whose sociable overtures they had hitherto declined. But it had been through life the practice of Sir James and



his lady, to sacrifice their own inclinations to the happiness of others. No other motive influenced them in the present instance, as they disliked the society of country towns; cards and scandal being the chief sources of their amusement: nor could the inhabitants of Ruthlin escape the latter.

Miss Marian Clackit was often at Ruthlin Hall, to give Ianthé some lessons of music, and she soon began to exercise her talents for defamation. She reported that Miss Claremont was to be married to Count Verrina, tho' secretly attached to Montalde, and had sacrificed her love to interest. Gabriella, she added, was Albert's mistress, and little Adolphus his child. As officious

---

Thou ! to whom the world unknown  
With all its shadowy shapes is known,  
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,  
While fancy lifts the veil between ;  
Ah, fear ! ah, frantic fear !  
I see, I see thee near !  
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye !  
Like thee I start, like thee disordered fly.

COLLINS.

---

THE sun had risen from behind  
the distant hills ; all nature seemed  
awake ; the swallow twittered from  
beneath the thatched roof of the  
rustic cottage ; the lively lark sung  
gaily as he rose in the air, and the  
dew was yet glittering on the plants  
when

when Ianthé left her apartment with Alice. They got up at an early hour, before the family were moving, that they might visit the haunted rooms, and explore them without being molested. Ianthé tripped lightly over the dewy grass, reluctantly followed by Alice to the chapel door— It was overhung with ivy, and sheltered a number of birds, which their quick approach frightened away. The rusty key turned with a grating noise in the lock, and it required their united efforts to force it open. The noise it made, as it turned on its hinges, resounded in hollow echoes through the roofless walls, which were discoloured by the droppings of unwholesome dews. They passed hastily along this scene of desolation, and entered a passage  
by

by a pair of massy iron gates; they walked a long way in darkness, and ascended a flight of steps, which led them by a door into one of the apartments. It was unfurnished, but hung round with antient family portraits of Lord St. Clair's ancestors. Ianthé had never been in these apartments before, and was surprised at her own want of curiosity, in not having viewed them till now. They proceeded to the other rooms, when a sudden noise made Alice hesitate, as she was going to undraw the bolt of a door that opened into one of them. All was again silent, till a hollow groan made her heart falter with terror. Ianthé had heard it likewise, and endeavoured to cheer her drooping spirits, but in vain. A repetition  
of



of the same dreadful sound, (overwhelmed as she was with the idea of its being something supernatural) made her fall convulsed with horror, almost senseless on the ground. Ianthé dreaded a deprivation of her own senses, for she feared her companion was dead; an icy coldness having taken possession of her like the chill of death. At length, to her mistress's great relief, she recovered; and Ianthé hastened her away from this place, as she dreaded, if the same sounds were repeated, that she would relapse; fortunately they were not; and both, trembling with agitation, left the haunted rooms. Ianthé forbade Alice to mention what had passed to the other servants, which was quite a punishment, being impatient

ent

ent to relate the whole of what she had seen and heard ; but she made herself amends by continually talking of it to her young lady, who was lost in doubt what it might be. It pressed so heavily on her mind, that she was often silent, inattentive, and absorbed in reflection. Lady Claremont, who observed her so frequently absent, was exceedingly uneasy at it, tho' she said nothing to her daughter.

This excellent lady found her health daily declining, and that it would be impossible to spare the feelings of those she loved, by concealing it much longer. She had neglected herself till it was too late ; and was ordered to Bristol as the last remedy. To this however she did  
not

not incline, convinced it would prolong her life but a short time; and she wished to die quietly in the bosom of her family. Neither Albert nor Ianthé knew the extent of her danger, and it was carefully concealed from the latter, whose sensibility would have destroyed her, had she known it.

The Count still continued to persecute Ianthé with his addresses; but she did not dare to complain of him to Lady Claremont, fearing to agitate her spirit by a disappointment of her wishes. She no less dreaded to mention it to her father or brother, lest a quarrel might be the consequence, as, since the affair of Willoughby, she shuddered at being in any shape the cause of contention.

tention. Therefore to avoid the Count she was never unaccompanied by Lady Rosa, whose heart appeared as much oppressed as her own. Each was anxious to disburthen her mind by a mutual confidence, but neither had resolution to set the other an example. The latter indeed thought she had divined the source of Ianthé's sorrow in her brother's passion, and that it grieved her to be unable to requite it.

Montalde came seldom to Ruthlin, and Gabriella generally remained at Glenmore with him, as she had an equal aversion with himself to the Count. Ianthè had therefore no other opportunity of seeing them but at the cottage, whither she often went with Lady Rosa, who was



as partial to Gabriella as herself. It was impossible indeed for a good heart to avoid loving her, as she united to a superior understanding the most winning complacency of manners : she had imbibed, tho' so young, from early sorrow, that true wisdom which is gained by constant habits of reflection, and produced by various experience in life. Of other's failings she judged with lenity ; but of her own with severity. To relieve a distressed object she would deprive herself of what is generally called pleasure, but to her such relief was the supremest gratification ; yet she sought no witnesses to her benevolence, being totally devoid of ostentation, and actuated only by charitable motives. Faithful to the memory of her husband, she

she would not hear of another attachment; but centered her whole happiness in her child and her brother. Her affection for Miss Claremont nearly equalled her love for them, which was first excited by gratitude, and afterwards heightened by the sweetness of her disposition and manners.

Tho' Ianthé had a friendship for Lady Rosa, it was an inferior regard to that she entertained for Gabriella; the former had an excellent heart, but was more violent in her temper, from having been too much indulged when a child, and possessing no command over her passions. From being frequently witness to the merits of Montalde, her heart became far from indifferent to him. Ga-

G

briella,

briella, who had a great deal of penetration, beheld her attachment with pleasure, as she knew his love for Ianthé must be hopeless. She wished him to be attached to Lady Rosa, who, though inferior to Miss Claremont, was handsome, possessed many estimable qualities, and had a large fortune. As no other match could be so eligible for him, it was her first wish that such an union should take place, and she lost no opportunity of praising her to Montalde; but he received these encomiums with a coldness which made it perceptible, that one alone reigned without a rival in his heart. He had none of the vanity so inherent in Frenchmen, or the conduct of Lady Rosa would have convinced him of her partiality, which  
hourly

hourly increased, and became even obvious to Ianthé, whom she made her confidante, with many expressions of sorrow for having imbibed a hopeless passion. The latter was touched with pity for her, tho' she could not but think her imprudent to indulge so violent an attachment without any prospect of a return. But these sentiments were carefully concealed in her own bosom, and she gave Lady Rosa every consolation in her power. She considered Montalde as very insensible in neglecting the advances of so beautiful a woman, and could only account for his indifference by suspecting he had an attachment to some lady in France.

Lady Rosa requested Ianthé, though with much confusion, that as she excelled in painting miniatures,



tures, she would favour her with a likeness of Montalde; the latter complied with great reluctance, considering it as indulging her friend in a weakness, that might be dangerous to her future peace, were she not to meet with a reciprocal regard. But unwilling to refuse her, she began the likeness, and was engaged one morning about it, when Count Verrina and Montalde entered the room, where she was drawing. She put it hastily into her pocket, as the latter always noticed her employments. More company coming in, she did not recollect it, till she retired at night, when she discovered it was missing. This was productive of the utmost distress to her, as it must convey an idea to the person that found the miniature, of her being

being partial to Montalde, which suspicion she could not clear but by betraying Lady Rosa. The next morning she searched every where, but without success: to spare the latter any uneasiness, she determined to begin another, and not mention the one she had lost; flattering herself it had been found by some labourer, or by a beggar, to relieve whom she recollected having taken out her purse, when walking with Montalde and Lady Rosa.

A week had elapsed, since Ianthé had seen Gabriella, and she was impatient for that pleasure. Lady Rosa being confined to her room with a slight cold, she walked alone to Glenmore; Montalde was reading in the parlour, and informed

her that his sister was absent with Adolphus, but would return in a few minutes, and intreated her to stay. Ianthé felt disappointed, and was impatient for Gabriella's return, observing Montalde's eyes fixed upon her with a tenderness that quite confused her, as it was directly opposite to his general behaviour. She was hesitating how to relieve herself from so distressing a situation, when Montalde, placing a favourable interpretation on her evident confusion, was eager to seize an opportunity, which might not again offer, of declaring himself. With no inconsiderable degree of hesitation he disclosed his passion, and the many struggles he had suffered to confine it to his own bosom, where it would have been for ever buried, but for a  
circum-

circumstance that had emboldened him to solicit her compaffion, as he flattered himself ſhe had ſeen what had lately paſſed in his heart.

Ianthé remained in ſilent conſternation ſome time after he had finiſhed ſpeaking, being ſhocked at the error he had fallen into, and hurt to give pain to a character of ſo much worth. She was convinced that he had found the picture, and drawn a concluſion of her partiality from her having painted it, and ſhe felt it impoſſible to undeceive him about the motive. Unable to ſuſtain the mortifying reflection, ſhe burſt into tears. Montalde was much affected and angry with himſelf for occaſioning her ſo much uneaſineſs; but he felt all the horrors of the



most cruel disappointment, when, in terms as much softened as possible, she assured him, that friendship was all she had to bestow, and that if he supposed she entertained any other sentiment for him, he was quite deceived. Wanting fortitude to witness the agony into which his wounded feelings had thrown him, she arose to leave the cottage, but was met at the door by Madame d'Auvergne, who anxiously inquired the occasion of the sorrow visible in her countenance. Ianthé desired to speak with her alone, and then imparted to her friend the cruel embarrassment she was in respecting the picture, and that she feared, notwithstanding her refusal, it might tempt Montalde to cherish the fallacious hope that

that she had a regard for him, which she would not avow. To betray Lady Rosa's partiality, she thought, would be highly ungenerous, as he might perhaps think lightly of her delicacy from such a circumstance. Gabriella tried to console Ianthé, and advised her to explain the story of the picture, as gratitude might raise in his bosom an esteem for Lady Rosa, when he found his passion for herself was totally hopeless. Ianthé, notwithstanding these arguments, was yet undetermined how to act, and the friends agreed to consider more about it, before the discovery should be made. Ianthé intreated Gabriella to pay her an early visit at Ruthlin, as she disliked coming to Glenmore, since Montalde had avowed his senti-

ments ; but they concluded, when they separated, to keep the affair from Lady Rosa's knowledge, as it would make her unhappy without answering any purpose.

---

---

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?  
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:  
Dark and discolour'd ev'ry flow'r that blows,  
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee.

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead:  
Ah! might we now the pious rage control!  
Hush'd be my grief ere ev'ry smile be fled,  
Ere the deep-swell'ing sigh subvert the soul!

SHENSTONE.

---

---

IANTHÉ was alarmed on her return home, with an account of Lady Claremont's having been seized with repeated fainting fits, which had weakened her so much, that she was dangerously ill. She hastened to her beloved mother,



and was terrified at perceiving a visible alteration in her countenance. She sat up with her all night, and would suffer no one to give her any medicines but herself. For five days she continued the same unre-mitted attention, only sleeping a few hours in the morning, tho' repeatedly intreated not to endanger her own health; but she could not be prevailed on to confide her to the care of any one but herself, as every other consideration was lost in apprehension for her mother's life. On the sixth day Lady Claremont was apparently much better, but almost reduced to a shadow. She expressed a wish to get up, and was led into her dressing room, where she sat till nine o'clock, and was in tolerable spirits. Sir James,  
his

his children, and Lady Rosa, were with her, and congratulated themselves on her appearing so little fatigued with the exertion. She insisted that Ianthé should go to bed early, as she looked like a ghost, with constant watching and anxiety for her mother, and Lady Rosa offered to supply Miss Claremont's place for that night.

When Lady Claremont retired to her apartment, she stopped some minutes at the door, and looked round at them all, with an expression so particularly mournful in her countenance, as gave a reflecting shock to the whole company. She appeared convinced by her inward feelings, that she was then dying, and should never see them more.

In

In the middle of the night, finding death fast approaching, she desired Sir James might be called to the bed-side; when he drew near, she faintly said, support me, my beloved husband; in your arms, I have ever prayed to die; I feel I am expiring, .... I intreat you will not indulge immoderate grief for my loss, but shew an example of fortitude to my children. My poor Ianthé will require a testimony of your firmness to moderate the excess of her affliction; I am happy she is spared this parting scene; it would have fallen heavily upon her. Tell her to be resigned, and thankful that my last moments are sweet and composed. May the fervent piety that fills my heart be a consolation to your's, my dear Sir James; ....  
receive

receive my grateful thanks for the many years of happiness I have passed with you. .... As she pronounced these words, the paleness of death overspread her countenance, which was still mild and serene, and her eyes were raised to heaven with a sublime expression. She spoke no more, and in a few minutes, closed her life without a groan, as if going to sleep. Thus was the world deprived of one of its greatest ornaments in a character eminent for every virtue, and whose loss to her family was irreparable. Sir James remained for some minutes contemplating the melancholy object of his loss in silent and affecting grief, but with calm and manly resignation. Distress had taken deep root, in his mind, without any of those violent symptoms which indicate



cate ungovernable sorrow. The reflection, that her death was worthy of her virtuous life, softened his anguish, and he endeavoured, by conquering his regret, to obey her last injunctions, in mitigating the bitterness of his daughter's sorrow. Upon her this stroke fell with the greater force, as she was ignorant of the misery for which she was reserved, having flattered herself that her mother was recovering. When the melancholy event was broken to her, she was for several hours in such violent hysterics, that her life was despaired of, and the unfortunate Sir James feared he should have to mourn his daughter's loss together with his wife's. She was recovered with much difficulty; but her delicate frame could not support such a tide of sorrow,

forrow, and she sunk into a lingering fever. The house was a continual scene of lamentation from the tears and groans of the domestics, by whom Lady Claremont was beloved in the highest degree. But the most pathetic and touching scene took place at her interment. Crouds of poor people, who had experienced her benevolence, followed her to the grave, uttering the most piercing expressions of grief for the loss of their adored benefactress. This was indeed a most honorable tribute to her memory, and the only consolation those who loved her were susceptible of.

Some months elapsed before Ianthé could feel the least interest in any thing, so deeply was grief impressed

pressed in her bosom; an habitual sadness preyed upon her, which was alleviated by the sentiments of religion that were predominant in her heart, and gave her strength to bear her misfortunes, by teaching her to be resigned to her fate. She remembered, with an enthusiasm of affection, the departed happiness she had enjoyed with her beloved mother, and that remembrance soothed the sorrow she experienced for her loss. Ruthlin had now lost all its charms, since the being who had adorned it, was gone; and Sir James, who felt that it reminded him of the felicity which was fled, mentioned to her his intention of making the tour of England, in order to divert his wounded mind. She readily concurred in this plan,  
from

from the hope it would be beneficial to his health, which she perceived daily declining.

Count Verrina had left Wales soon after Lady Claremont's death, and was in London ; but Lady Rosa remained with Ianthé, and by her tender attention softened her sorrows. Never had she appeared in so amiable a light. The latter secretly and fervently wished, that Montalde might become sensible of her worth. He had frequent opportunities of conversing with her alone, when he came to inquire after Ianthé's health, and tho' she daily improved upon him, from the pity she expressed for her, which inspired him with the highest esteem, yet his former affection remained  
with



with unabated force, and promised nothing favorable for a second passion. He frequently mentioned Lady Rosa to his sister in terms of the highest admiration, which encouraged her to say, when he was more than usually warm in her praise, that it was much to be regretted that “so much beauty and worth should be the prey of hopeless love.” Montalde surprised, replied with energy, that he thought it impossible for any one, whose heart was unengaged, to be indifferent to her. Gabriella, who pretended to be ignorant that he was still attached to Ianthé, then added, she was delighted to hear him of this opinion, and confessed, that he was the object of Lady Rosa’s regard, and that the picture drawn by Miss Claremont was for her;

her; conjuring him not to give, even by his conduct, the least intimation of it, as it would hurt her delicacy beyond description, to have a secret known, she blushed to acknowledge to herself. Montalde had too much honor to render such a request necessary, but the contending emotions that agitated his breast, almost distracted him. His heart was filled however with gratitude and pity for Lady Rosa, sentiments that promised in time to become a softer sensation, when he had conquered his love for Ianthé, which had yet lost none of its fervour.

Ianthé was in the mean time, agreeably surprised by the sight of Lady Laura; whom she did not expect, as her last letter mentioned  
that

that she was to remain some months at Bath, with her father. But on hearing of her friend's loss, she had prevailed upon him to return to Wales, that she might console her, by mingling her tears with Ianthé's. The meeting was affecting, as the remembrance of the late melancholy event was brought forcibly to their minds by seeing each other. Lady Laura was much attached to the late excellent Lady Claremont, as her goodness and virtue were tempered with the utmost sweetness. This made her particularly pleasing to young people, who shrink from the austerity that in general, accompanies rigid morals. Lady Laura told Ianthé, she was come with a request from Lord de Mountfort, that Sir James, Albert, Lady Rosa  
and

and herself, would do him the honor of passing some time at the castle, as it would divert their minds from the unpleasant reflections that must necessarily arise at Ruthlin, where every object reminded them of their loss. Ianthé tried to evade this proposal, to which she was rather averse, from the fear of meeting Lord Raymond. Lady Laura was, however, so earnest in her intreaties, that she could not resist them; and as Sir James complied without hesitation, it was fixed for them to visit the castle on the following day.

Lord de Mountfort received them with his usual stately politeness, and said his son was absent with a party of gentlemen, on a hunting party, which



which he had been engaged to join some days, but would return in the evening. Ianthé's heart palpitated at the idea of seeing him, as she had hoped he would not have been at the castle, knowing she was to be there. But easily would he have received her forgiveness, could she have guessed his motives. Soon after Ianthé left London, he was surprised at seeing Lord Lindors in Portman Square, and as the latter was (tho' innocently,) the destroyer of his peace, he could not view him without painful emotions. These ungovernable sensations influenced his behaviour to Lord Lindors, which was as cold and distant as politeness would permit. Lady Laura observed with concern, that this repulsive conduct was not unnoticed

noticed by Lord Lindors, who was hurt to be treated with so much neglect by the brother of the woman he loved. Well acquainted with the native goodness of Raymond's heart, she resolved to come to an explanation with him, as she was convinced he would not shun the friendship of such an estimable character, as her lover, if he did not labour under some error respecting him. When she had formed this resolution, she introduced the subject, by speaking of Lord Lindors, and discovered immediately, that her brother was jealous of him, from supposing he was a favored admirer of Ianthé's. In justice to her friend, Lady Laura disclosed the secret of the mutual attachment which had subsisted be-

tween Lord Lindors and herself. This discovery, tho' it relieved Raymond of inexpressible anxiety, left a sufficient portion of uneasiness to make him miserable. He felt how unpardonably he had acted in his cruel treatment of Ianthè, particularly in their last interview, when he had overwhelmed her with the severest reproaches.

Ianthè was not deceived in the supposition she had formed, that the person who followed the carriage from London, bore a strong resemblance to Lord Raymond, as it was indeed himself. Tho' ignorant at that time of her innocence, he could not resist the romantic project that seized him, of being near her, and he travelled several stages, pur-

purposely to have that gratification. Now, that he discovered the injuries she had received, his love revived with greater force, and he determined to go to Wales, and watch for an opportunity of meeting her alone, to unfold his heart, and confessing the sincerity of his repentance, implore her pity; a pardon which he hardly dared to expect. To conceal himself from the observation of his father's tenants, he put on an old naval uniform, wore a large wig, and a black patch over his left eye, and in this disguise, lodged at a cottage near Ruthlin, where he passed by the name of Lieutenant Smith. He repaired every night to the haunted apartments, by a subterraneous passage he was secretly acquainted

H 2

with.



with. He sung several nights under her window with the hope, that she would recollect his voice ; but he was disappointed, as he never once entered her thoughts, from the apparent impossibility of such circumstance, after what had passed. At length, quite in despair,—as he never had the good fortune to see her alone,—he began to fear a rival in Count Verrina, for his conscience whispered to him, that he merited to be banished from her memory. One night, when he had watched later than usual, feeling himself fatigued, he retired to the haunted rooms, where sleep surprised him, till long after the first dawn of morning. He was disturbed by a terrific dream, in which Ianthé was represented as  
murdered

murdered by the Count Verrina, and he uttered deep groans, which made him awake in horror. Ianthé and her maid were in the apartment adjoining to that where he slept, and it was the noise of these groans that inspired them with so much terror. He started up at the sound of voices, but would not open the door, from the fear of being discovered; and remained quiet, till he heard the last echo of their footsteps through the building. He then entered the apartment whence the noise had proceeded, and looking through the casement saw Miss Claremont and Alice passing hastily over the lawn. This made him instantly conjecture, that they were the persons who had alarmed him. Apprehensive of a discovery, should they return,

he quitted Ruthlin immediately, and throwing off his disguise, travelled directly to London, where he joined Lord de Mountfort and his sister, and accompanied them to Bath, carefully concealing his late excursion from their knowledge.

When they returned to the castle, Lord Raymond was agitated with hope and fear; sometimes his imagination pictured Ianthé as faithful to her first attachment, and disposed to forgive him; then would the pleasing delusion vanish, and he would figure her to himself as the affianced wife of the Count, regarding him with contempt for his easy credulity to her disadvantage. When the account reached him of Lady Claremont's death, he suffered the  
keen-

keenest sorrow, and trembled for the effect it would have on her daughter, whose quick sensibility he well knew. Lady Laura, who pitied his anxiety, relieved it as much as possible, by communicating the contents of every letter she received from Ruthlin. He was impatient to see Ianthé, and felt mortified, that a prior engagement should delay his happiness, tho' he had hardly resolution to appear before her, conscious of the wrongs she had received from him.



---

He knew, no studied, artful phrase  
Her steady mind would move,  
But nobly trusted to his worth  
To win the fair one's love.

And well did she his truth repay,  
Her gentle heart she gave :  
Thus beauty ever should reward  
The virtuous and the brave.

---

**L**ORD Raymond did not return  
to the castle till six o'clock. After  
paying his compliments to Sir  
James, he approached Ianthé, who  
was seated between his sister and  
Lady

Lady Rosa, and addressed her with a grace peculiar to himself, tho' he wore an air of embarrassment. He appeared to Ianthé handsomer than ever; his light hair dishevelled by the wind, which had blown out all the powder, hung in loose ringlets on his forehead; and his countenance had a glow of health and gayety, that gave an unusual brilliancy to his fine dark eyes. He endeavoured to gain her attention, and made several efforts to enter into conversation with her; but she continued reserved to him, as she wished to feel offended, although his manners were so respectful, tender and insinuating, that her resolution was almost conquered. But she excused her weakness by flattering herself he would offer a proper

apology for his conduct, and thus endeavoured to reconcile her reason to what her inclination approved. Lord Raymond suffered the utmost disquietude from the uncertainty of regaining her affection, which he dreaded having forfeited. The strength of his attachment was increased rather than diminished; and he took advantage of every opportunity of being with her, and shewing a tenderness she could not misunderstand.

Ianthé observed with delight, that her father's health and spirits were visibly amended, and she felt happier than she had been since her mother's death. She consented therefore with less reluctance to remain with Lady Laura, who had obtained

obtained Sir James's permission, who was considerably recovered, and no longer so anxious for her to accompany him, as Albert would supply her place, till he joined the regiment, into which he had lately purchased. The grief Ianthé had sustained for Lady Claremont's loss, was now settled into a pensive melancholy, that rendered her beyond description interesting; her mourning habit made the beauty of her complexion appear with additional lustre, and her gentle features wore a soft expression of sorrow. When she had once seized on the heart, it was impossible to cease loving her, as she united to her beauty a pure and noble soul, which had fascinated Lord Raymond more than her exterior charms. How en-



chanting, he thought, to see her beauteous eyes swim in tears at a tale of woe, and to behold the sweetness of her smile when she created happiness by relieving an object in distress. Lord Raymond was riding one day to Glenmore with his sister, Ianthé, and Lady Rosa, when they met an old man, bending under an immense burden of sticks. Seventy years had whitened his venerable head; his beard hung in snowy waves to his girdle; yet not a wrinkle was to be seen in his forehead, and his ruddy cheeks still denoted remaining health, tho' his steps were feeble and tottering. Lord Raymond gave him some money, and the old man's heart warmed with gratitude. He exclaimed, "how good is your lordship!

“ If my son resembled you in be-  
 “ nevolence, I should end my days  
 “ in happiness, and not endure the  
 “ stings of poverty, that are haf-  
 “ tening me to a grave, from  
 “ which I have been kept too long.  
 “ Honor me, by hearing a relation  
 “ of my misfortunes, and you will  
 “ consider me as a real object of  
 “ compassion.” Lord Raymond  
 assented with condescension and the  
 old man thus began :

“ I was formerly a reputable  
 “ tradesman in a country town,  
 “ and married a young woman of  
 “ the same rank as myself; we had  
 “ one son, to whom we gave a re-  
 “ ligious and virtuous education.  
 “ A relation in the East Indies had  
 “ often requested we would send  
 him

“ him out, as he could put him in a  
“ way to make a capital fortune;  
“ but this we were averse to, as he  
“ was our only child; till meeting  
“ with some unexpected losses in  
“ trade, we adopted it as our best  
“ plan, and stripped ourselves of  
“ every thing, to accommodate  
“ him with necessaries for the  
“ voyage. After we had parted  
“ from him, our circumstances  
“ continued to grow worse, and  
“ within a few years afterwards,  
“ we were intirely ruined; I was  
“ thrown into prison for a debt of  
“ forty pounds; the shock of it  
“ killed my poor wife a short time  
“ after, and I remained in the grea-  
“ test wretchedness, as there seemed  
“ to be no end to my sufferings.  
“ I supposed my son to be dead, as  
“ I had

“ I had received no account of him  
 “ since he left me. But a ray of  
 “ comfort shone upon me, when  
 “ I was informed, that he was re-  
 “ turned from India with a large  
 “ fortune. Almost expiring with  
 “ joy, I wrote immediately to him,  
 “ requesting assistance, but received  
 “ no answer. Supposing the letter  
 “ had not reached him, I wrote  
 “ again; it was answered by his  
 “ steward, who said, his master  
 “ would not think of paying the  
 “ money for my release, as he  
 “ thought a prison the best place  
 “ for a man of my age. This  
 “ cruel letter stung me to the heart,  
 “ and brought on an illness, from  
 “ which I recovered with difficulty.  
 “ A benevolent gentleman visited  
 “ the prison soon after, and having  
 “ heard



“ heard my story, generously paid  
“ the money for me, and made me  
“ a handsome present besides. I  
“ directly repaired to my son’s  
“ house, but the servants were or-  
“ dered to turn me from the door.  
“ Overwhelmed with horror at  
“ his unnatural behaviour, I tore  
“ my grey hairs, and wished not  
“ to outlive the ingratitude of my  
“ child, to whom I resolved never  
“ to apply again. Having an old  
“ friend, who lived near this place,  
“ I went to see him, and remained  
“ with him till his death. I was  
“ then too much enfeebled by age  
“ to remove to a great distance, and  
“ have continued ever since to drag  
“ on a miserable life, embittered  
“ by poverty and an infirm consti-  
“ tution.” Lord Raymond expres-  
sed

fed his indignation at the treatment which the old man had received, and told him, if he came to the castle every week, he should have sufficient for his support, and no longer be under the necessity of labouring to maintain himself. He then rode off with the ladies, leaving the poor old man with tears of gratitude in his eyes. They conversed on the subject of his son, and agreed that his character must be worthless in the extreme, and that he ought to be exposed for his conduct, were it possible for him to be sensible of shame. They called at Glenmore, and Lord Raymond and Lady Laura were charmed with its inhabitants, and gave them a polite invitation to the castle, which they promised to accept.

When

When Lord Raymond and the ladies returned home, they related the old man's story to Sir James and Albert; the latter said he would call on his son, if he could learn where he resided; and it was most probable he should have an opportunity, of succeeding as his abode might be in some part of England, through which they would pass in their travels. They questioned the old man when he came, and were informed, that his son's name was Leland, and that he lived in the north of Devonshire. When the time arrived for the departure of Ianthé's father and brother, she endeavoured to appear cheerful, that she might not distress the former, tho' she was inwardly much affected; but she found relief in the hope  
that

that Sir James would return quite recovered: yet she could not avoid weeping when they were gone; but it rather relieved than distressed her, as her tears did not proceed from such bitterness of woe as the many she had so often shed. Lady Laura, by every delicate and soothing attention, sought to divert her mind from unpleasant reflections, and Lady Rosa was equally kind. Lord Raymond knew her fondness for the beauties of rural scenery, and was continually in search of some beautiful and romantic spot to surprise her with, which was not difficult as the country abounded with sublime and picturesque views. He would point out to her, as she leaned on his arm, some charm in the landscape that she had not noticed



ticed before; and the elegance of his conversation made every object appear in a pleasing light. How often did he wish to implore her forgiveness, and was restrained only by the dread of hearing an unfavourable sentence pronounced. Hence he was induced to continue flattering himself, perhaps, with an imaginary illusion, rather than meet with a painful certainty.

He would sometimes watch her to the cottage of a poor woman who was confined to her bed by illness, and had been left a widow without any means of support. Ianthé had relieved her distress and fed her young children, whom she had found weeping with hunger round the bed of their unfortunate mother.

mother. Like a beneficent angel, happy in the reflection of having softened their misery, she would leave the cottage, her lovely countenance animated with pleasure, and her mild blue eyes, yet wet with the tears of pity. At those moments Lord Raymond loved her more than ever, and felt that his peace would receive an incurable wound, should he lose a gem of such inestimable value.

The pride of Lord de Mountfort would have been much gratified by an alliance with the family of Verina, as their rank and fortune were both splendid. He therefore invited the Count to de Mountfort Castle, with the hope of obtaining his approbation to a match he wished to form between Lord Raymond and

and Lady Rosa, as no idea of the former's passion for Ianthé had ever struck him. It would indeed have highly exasperated him, as he could not digest her father's plebeian origin and the smallness of her fortune. Compassion alone, he supposed, dictated his attention to her, as he judged Lady Rosa much her superior in beauty, and would have thought it impossible for his son to prefer Ianthé. When the Count's intended visit was communicated to Lord Raymond, he determined to explain the ambiguity of his behaviour to Miss Claremont, as he trembled at being supplanted in her affections, but no opportunity offered for the remainder of the day. He felt this a great disappointment,

ment, as the Count was expected the next evening.

The sun had arisen in all its majesty and gilded the tops of the hills, when Ianthé was awaked by its rays darting into her apartment. She began to dress herself; and when she had finished, opened her casement. The ivy, that clung round it was gently moved by the soft air of the morning; at a distance she heard the cheerful bleating of the sheep, and the birds sung harmoniously among the trees. The sweetness of the scene caused a tear of tender recollection to steal down her cheek, as it recalled the remembrance of her mother, who was very partial to the first dawn of morning. A passing footstep roused



fed her from this penſive melancholy, and ſhe looked round, unable to conjecture who could be there ſo early. But her ſurprize was beyond deſcription, when ſhe perceived Lord Raymond with his eyes raiſed towards her: he bowed, and requeſted, in a low voice, that ſhe would honor him immediately with a few minutes converſation. As ſhe could not gueſs his motives for ſuch a requeſt, ſhe hesitated, conſidering it an impropriety, ſituated as they were; but he continued to urge her ſo earneſtly, pleading that his happineſs depended on her compliance, that ſhe at length conſented to join him. He thanked her for this condeſcenſion, and they walked to ſome diſtance from the houſe that they might avoid being  
over-

overheard. Lord Raymond then intreated her forgiveness for the wounds he had given to her feelings by his late conduct, which almost resembled madness. He ascribed it to the poison infused into his mind by Willoughby and her cousins, who had used every art to strengthen his belief of her infidelity. His agony, he said, was past expression, when he discovered the treachery used against him at the masquerade, which clearly proved her innocence, and shewed him how much he had injured her by his suspicions. He proceeded to relate his following her to Wales, the circumstance of singing under her window, and his concealment in the haunted apartments, where she had been so much alarmed.

Here Ianthé smiled at the remembrance of the terror she had suffered. He concluded by assuring her, that all his hopes of happiness rested on a recovery of her regard, and he waited in the greatest anxiety for her final sentence, which was to declare him the happiest or most miserable of men. Ianthé could not answer him immediately; she cast down her beautiful eyes, and a blush, deep as the tint of the rose, suffused her cheeks. In this interval, Lord Raymond suffered the most cruel suspense. At length, with the candour so natural to her, she confessed that he had never been entirely alienated from her heart. She esteemed him too highly to conclude him totally guilty, and it gave her pleasure to know he merited

rited her forgiveness. Nothing could exceed Lord Raymond's rapture; he kissed the hand she held out to him, in a transport of joy, and would hardly suffer her to quit him. When she was returned to her apartment, it was some time before the tumult of her spirits subsided. To find Lord Raymond worthy of her affections, was a subject on which she could not dwell without the most heartfelt satisfaction; and the pleasure it inspired, dissipated every uneasy sensation.

The usual routine of amusements occupied the day, and in the evening the Count arrived. His countenance wore an air of more than usual haughtiness. After coldly embracing his sister, he made his compliments



pliments to Miss Claremont with a studied indifference, as if he would have said, you are no longer of any consequence to me. But under this assumed coldness lurked the most violent passion, as she appeared in his eyes with increased loveliness; he had always seen her a prey to grief; but the calm which had just been diffused into her mind, had restored her lively and innocent gaiety; a sportive smile played on her vermillion lips, and gave a peculiar sweetness to her whole countenance. Lord Raymond treated the Count with the noble frankness that distinguished his character, tho' conscious he was his rival; but this generous conduct had no effect on the Count, who disliked him for the partiality which he easily perceived Ianthé

enter-

entertained in his favor. A familiarity of sentiments attached Lord de Mountfort to Verrina, who became a great favorite with him.

---

Ah, me! is that the youthful cheek  
Where health and beauty late were glowing?  
Is that the eye which shone so meek,  
The lip from which soft sounds were flowing?  
TOMLINS.

---

**HAPPY** are those whose hearts are not corroded by the pangs of unrequited love, and who enjoy the happiness of doing good without any diminution either of their will or power. They awake only to joy; at night they taste the sweetest sleep; they delight in the beautiful variety of the seasons, and of the treasures of nature, for their hearts  
are

are always open to impressions of pleasure.—These were Lady Rosa's reflections, as she took her solitary walk in the park. Every object that had formerly given her pleasure, now lost its charms, and increased her woe, as they reminded her of the happiness that was fled from her, never to be recalled. Sighing, she raised her beautiful eyes to Heaven, as if to implore some relief to her sorrow; but she had nourished the fatal cause of it till she could no longer efface from her memory its deep impression. She mourned in secret her weakness, that had been productive of an error which was now too late to remedy. How guarded, therefore, ought the female mind to be in the bloom of life, against



the gay poison of love, which, if not fixed upon a worthy object, and where it is certain of a return, will generally destroy every fair and happy prospect. Lady Rosa continued to walk, musing on the usual object of her thoughts, when her attention was attracted from her own sad reflections to a gentleman at some distance, whose horse appeared to have taken fright, galloping with so much fury, that it scarcely seemed to touch the ground. Alarmed for the person, who appeared to keep his seat with difficulty, she stood on a little eminence near the park palings, which were close to the road, that she might watch the event. The gentleman approaches nearer, and at the instant she recognizes him  
for

for Montalde, he is thrown from his horse, which gallops immediately out of sight.

What pen can depicture the agonized sensations of the unfortunate Lady Rosa? Regardless of every obstacle, she rushes into the road, and sees the body of Montalde pale, covered with blood, and apparently expiring. With her feeble arms she endeavours to remove him, but her efforts are ineffectual. She tears the silk handkerchief from her bosom and binds it round his head, whence the blood had issued, as he had received a wound by falling against a stone. The tears streamed down her pale cheeks, as she supported him in her trembling arms, and lamented his fate in

broken accents. Beloved Montalde ! she exclaimed, for I may call you so in death, you cannot be saved, you will die, and your eyes will never behold me more. Never know how much I have loved, loved you even to the grave. She now uttered the most piercing shrieks, and wringing her hands in a frantic manner, sunk into a swoon on the body of Montalde, who, exhausted with the loss of blood, had heard Lady Rosa's accents, but could not speak.

Fortunately, a short time after, chance conducted Lord Raymond, with his sister and Ianthé, to this spot. They had been alarmed at meeting, about a quarter of a mile from the Park, the horse that  
Montalde

Montalde generally rode, which made them apprehensive some accident had happened to him. They were, however, quite unprepared for the scene that was now presented to their view; and the horror of it was so indelibly impressed upon them, that no time could ever efface the remembrance. Life seemed to be wholly fled from the unfortunate pair: the pale hue of death was visible in Montalde's countenance; Lady Rosa appeared to have shared his fate; her garments and her long beautiful tresses were stained with the purple stream that issued from his wound. That they had been murdered was the first idea which occurred to Ianthé and Lady Laura; but Lord Raymond, who suspected the real



cause, desired them to remain with the bodies, while he hastened to procure immediate assistance. He returned, as soon as possible, with a carriage, in which Montalde and Lady Rosa were placed. When they reached the Castle, by the application of proper remedies, the latter was quickly recovered; but it was a more difficult task to restore the former, as the quantity of blood he had lost had weakened him exceedingly. The wound in his head was not so alarming as had been at first dreaded; and this accident, which had threatened so fatal a termination, was likely to produce no dangerous consequences. Montalde's first thought was to inquire after Lady Rosa, and he heard, with the highest satisfaction,

tion, that she was quite recovered. The intelligence she had received of his being alive had restored her; but her feelings would have been felicity itself, had she known that the heart of Montalde beat with the tenderest love towards her, as the gratitude and pity he before felt were converted into affection, by her interesting expressions of grief over his body, when she thought him dead.

The Count Verrina's pride was much mortified at the effect Montalde's situation had upon his sister, whose love, he thought, must be evident to every person. He entered her apartment with a severe frown on his dark brow, and reproached her, in the harshest terms,  
for

for degrading herself by an attachment to a man so inferior in fortune. Too ill and languid to exert her usual spirits, she replied to his cruel reproaches with tears only. Lady Laura was present, and, highly disgusted at his being so void of mental sensibility, told him she considered it as very unfeeling to accuse Lady Rosa of an attachment to Montalde, merely because she was affected at his situation, and endeavoured to recover him, as she should have acted exactly the same herself, had she seen him in that melancholy state. The Count would not, however, be satisfied with any thing she advanced; and his countenance continued clouded with sullen pride. But his severe reflections had planted

ed a thorn in his sister's bosom, which rankled and made her miserable, as she dreaded Montalde should think contemptuously of her. The consolatory arguments of her friends somewhat relieved her; but when the time arrived that he left his apartment, and she was obliged to meet him, she entered with trembling confusion the room where he was. Montalde had too much delicacy to notice her agitation; and, to relieve it, studiously avoided mentioning the late accident; and, by this considerate behaviour, soon restored her usual ease of manners. The Count maintained a haughty reserve, seldom addressing himself to the company, and confining his conversation to Lord de Mountfort. The high-



high-spirited Montalde could not support the hauteur of the former, nor the cold indifference of the latter; and though not sufficiently recovered to bear a removal, he left the Castle, deaf to the earnest intreaties of Raymond and his sister, who were hurt beyond expression at their father's conduct. They plainly perceived he had been influenced by the Count into an ill opinion of Montalde, which they disliked him for extremely; but they would have been more exasperated had they known that he was employing every method to undermine Lord Raymond's happiness, as well as Lady Rosa's. Elated with Lord de Mountfort's communication of the alliance he wished to form, he endeavoured to

enrage him against his son, by expressing his apprehension that the projected union would be prevented by the attachment subsisting between Ianthé and Lord Raymond. Anger flashed in the Earl's countenance at this intelligence, and he assured the Count, that no consideration would make him consent to a marriage, of which he never had the most distant idea; and unused to bear any opposition to his wishes, he added, in a violent rage, that he would employ every obstacle to compel the lovers to resign each other. The Count, to irritate him yet more, mentioned his suspicion of the influence Montalde had gained over his sister, and that he had practised every wile and artifice to win her affections. He  
was

was delighted that Lord de Mountfort entered so warmly into his views, and buoyed himself up with the hope of possessing Ianthé, rendering Lord Raymond miserable, and gratifying his dislike to Montalde.

---

L'or, enfermé dans les entrailles de la terre, cede à peine aux travaux pénibles de ceux qui vont l'en tirer. Ce métal précieux n'est pas moins difficile à arracher des mains de l'avare : il ne s'en défait qu'en mourant. L'espérance de la possession le flatte plus que la possession même : il accumule des richesses pour un héritier impatient, quelquefois pour un inconnu, ou même pour un ennemi.

---

SIR James and Albert had written several times to Ianthé since their departure, and every uneasiness about the former's health was calmed by the satisfactory accounts she received of him. They were in Somersetshire when they last wrote,



wrote, and thence proposed to visit the sea-coast of Devonshire, as the air, they had heard, was particularly salubrious for invalids. They travelled to Exeter, and Albert having procured a direction to the residence of Mr. Leland, which was ten miles from that city, left Sir James, and set off alone to visit him. As he travelled, he admired the face of the country, and the pleasing variety of hills and dales, which amused the eye, and never fatigued it by an uniformity in the prospects. At the distance of a mile from Drakelow-House, where Mr. Leland resided, he met a countryman, whose cheerful, open countenance induced Albert to accost him and ask some questions relative to the gentleman he was going

ing to visit. " Why, Goddy bless  
 " your honor," said he, in the  
 true Devonshire pronunciation, " as  
 " zure as I be a living zoul, he is  
 " one of the stingiest gentlevolks  
 " that I ever zeed on the veace  
 " of God's arth. He keeps tew  
 " grete craving mastiffs, to vrigh-  
 " ten all the poor volk that go to  
 " beg a morsel of bread; and if his  
 " darter, who's a noice yong leady,  
 " gees a body a crum of any thing,  
 " he puts himsel into sich a mortal  
 " bad passion, as would make ye  
 " mazed if ye zeed un. Many a  
 " poor zoul has bin drowd into  
 " prison, when they coudunt pay  
 " un what they owed un." Al-  
 bert rewarded the countryman for  
 this intelligence, which gave little  
 hopes for the old man's relief, and  
 asked

asked if the road to the house was strait forwards? "Yes zure, your  
" honor, pray take care of the  
" mastiffs, for they be cruel gruff  
" to strangers." Albert smiled at the good man's fears, and thanking him for his advice, spurred his horse and soon reached the house.

It was situated in a deep valley, surrounded with woods, and bore venerable marks of antiquity. The dogs, mentioned by the countryman, growled furiously at him, as he rung a bell, whose heavy tones echoed through the building. After waiting a long time, he heard the massy iron gates unbarred, and an old servant appeared in a livery, that had been made at least twenty years before. He was ushered into  
a large

a large square court, surrounded by a number of different buildings, apparently offices to the house, and then shewn into a hall, where he was desired to remain, while the servant informed his master of his name. In his absence, Albert amused himself by observing the place he was in. It was as large as the body of a church, with windows in the same style, and an immense chimney, of sufficient dimensions to dress provisions for the county. By some inscriptions he read on the walls, it appeared to have formerly belonged to the society of Knights' Templars. He was musing on the gloomy taste of the owner of this antediluvian mansion, in having chosen it for his residence, when the servant returned, and said his



his master was prepared to receive him, though unacquainted with his name.

Albert followed him into the apartment where sat Mr. Leland, whose meagre form and care-worn aspect proved that his heart was torn with the most bitter remorse and avarice. By his side was seated a beautiful girl, about sixteen, whose open ingenuous countenance made it doubtful that she was his daughter. She appeared to have been reading to her father, as she threw aside a book she held in her hand, when the stranger entered. Mr. Leland surveyed Albert with a look of curiosity, and seemed to wait in expectation of his relating the business he came upon, when  
the

the latter thus addressed him :—

“ You are doubtless, sir, ignorant  
 “ of the melancholy subject that  
 “ has introduced me to you, and it  
 “ gives me concern to inflict pain  
 “ on any one, which I must ne-  
 “ cessarily do, by informing you  
 “ that your father is now living.”

“ Juletta,” said Mr. Leland, in a  
 stern voice, not suffering Albert to  
 continue the conversation, “ leave  
 “ the room instantly.” The young  
 girl appeared to obey with reluc-  
 tance, notwithstanding the anger  
 that had risen in his countenance.

When she had left the room, Albert  
 proceeded, though the other made  
 several efforts to interrupt him.

“ Your father is now living,” said  
 he, “ in Wales, in extreme pover-  
 “ ty, without any support, but a

“ small pittance which the charity  
“ of some benevolent people be-  
“ flows on him. At his time of  
“ life he cannot live long ; and I  
“ imagine you will not hesitate to  
“ settle a yearly income upon him,  
“ to render his latter days com-  
“ fortable, as a trifling sum will  
“ be sufficient for his support.”

He was proceeding in his endeavours to interest the son's compassion for his father, when Mr. Leland, almost choaking with anger and chagrin, exclaimed, that he had no money to throw away upon such a worthless old fellow, who ought to have been dead long since. He added, that he did not thank any officious person, who might, perhaps, be an impostor, for endeavouring to defraud him of his

his money, and desired he would quit his house immediately. After expressing his contempt, and reproaching him for his unnatural conduct, Albert rose to depart, leaving the miser fuming with rage and vexation. As he crossed the hall, he heard a soft voice calling him, and, looking round, perceived it was Juletta. She approached, and putting a purse into his hand, said, with tears in her eyes, "Give  
 " this to my grandfather; I was  
 " ignorant, till to-day, that he was  
 " alive and in distress. Your words  
 " awakened my curiosity, and Gregory, our old servant, has since  
 " given me an account of him that  
 " has made my heart ach. If ever  
 " I should have it in my power," said she, sighing, "tell him, I will



“ comfort his old age. I am convinced your heart must be humane to interest yourself in the cause of the unfortunate.” The voice of her father interrupted her, as she dreaded his seeing her with Mr. Claremont, whom she quitted in haste, and he saw her no more.

Albert reflected with pity on the unhappy situation of the amiable Juletta with such a father, whose disposition was so opposite to her own, that it was unaccountable how she had refrained from imbibing the like sentiments. In person she resembled her mother, a very beautiful woman, whom he had married soon after he came from the East Indies. She had sacrificed her own happiness in uniting herself

self to him in order to save her family from distress, as he was a man that must have been disagreeable in the extreme to a woman of refinement, from the grossness of his manners and the depravity of his heart. While she lived, which was but a short time after the birth of Juletta, he suppressed, in some degree, his avaricious inclinations; but when she was consigned to the silent grave, and rested from her sorrows, he retired to Drakelow with his child, where he almost deprived himself of the necessities of life, as every revolving year increased his parsimonious disposition. In winter he went to bed at seven o'clock, to save the expence of fire and candle; and his servants, tho' he kept but two, were almost star-

ved. Gregory, the footman, had lived with him a great many years, and was much attached to his deceased lady, which made him endure more inconveniences than any other servant would have done. As Julietta grew up, she softened the obduracy of his temper in some degree, for she was the only being he loved; but even for her he would not incur any expence that was not very trifling. All the education she received, was reading and writing. From the country girl, their servant, she had learnt plain work and knitting, and to sing some old ballads which her fine voice rendered interesting, such as, Lord Thomas and fair Elinor, and several other songs, which are popular among the lower class of people in Devonshire.

shire. Nature had, however, been so lavish of its bounties to her, that with all these disadvantages of education, she had a natural elegance and enchanting naiveté of manners, which no art could acquire; and the plainest dress could not disguise her lovely form. This her father was conscious of, and concealed her as much as possible from observation, as he was apprehensive that the large fortune she would inherit, added to her personal charms, might induce some adventurer to persuade her to elope with him. His greatest pleasure was in hearing her read to him, and sometimes singing a favorite old ballad. His library was a very large one, and of the utmost utility to Juletta, who, while she amused herself in reading, of which she



was very fond, enlarged her ideas, and thus improved her mind. She had no chance of being released from the solitude to which she was destined, but by the death of her father; but her filial piety and sweetness of temper prevented such a thought occurring to her; and she was happy from the serenity of her mind, tho' with many causes of misery.

When Albert returned to Exeter, he wrote an account to his sister, of his reception from Mr. Leland, requesting her to acquaint the venerable old man with the goodness of his grand-daughter, and to pay him four guineas from her. He had examined the contents of the purse, and found it contained two guineas, and

and a gold medal, worth about the same sum; the last article he intended to restore to Julietta if he should have an opportunity, as it was most probably of value to her, tho' her generosity had induced her to part with it. It was indeed all the money she had to bestow, and the medal was particularly valuable to her, from having belonged to her mother; but her grandfather's distress made her not hesitate to relinquish it. Sir James and Albert went to Sidmouth, where they remained some weeks, as they were much pleased with the place.

---

Are these the hopes so long indulged,  
Of making thee my bride ?  
And shall ambition's ruthless hand  
The blissful knot divide ?

---

**LORD** de Mountfort, who saw with increasing indignation his son's continued attentions to Ianthé, resolved to end them abruptly by a stroke, which would mark his final and irrevocable disapprobation. He therefore sent for Lord Raymond into the library, and after prefacing his intentions with much solemnity, commanded him to pay his addresses  
to

to Lady Rosa, or forfeit his favour for ever. His son strongly represented how unjust it was to exact such obedience, and acknowledged his affection for Miss Claremont, which he would never relinquish. But all remonstrances were vain, as the Earl was too obstinate to listen to the voice of reason ; and in a violent passion he forbade his son to appear in his presence till he was prepared to obey him. To impart this intelligence to Ianthé was misery to Lord Raymond, as he had not long before procured her consent to solicit their parents' approbation of their love. But it was impossible to spare her feelings, as he intended to quit the castle in a few hours, and must assign some reason for it. As he was unwilling



to advance any thing beyond the truth, he wrote a note, requesting Ianthé's immediate presence at the grotto, mentioning that he had an affair of consequence to communicate, and had fixed on that place for the interview, because they would be less subject to interruption. Alice returned with an answer from her lady, saying she would attend him instantly, and he preceded her but a few minutes. The dejection of his countenance informed Ianthé, that something had happened to afflict him, and she awaited the event in fearful expectation. The hope, said he, taking her hand, which I have fondly cherished of calling you mine with the consent of my father, is for the present vanished ; he is anxious that I should offer myself to Lady Rosa,  
which

which I have firmly refused, and by this refusal so highly irritated him, that he has forbidden me his presence. You are not unacquainted with the violence of his temper, and will coincide in my opinion that it will be most prudent for me to quit the castle, till the violence of his anger be subsided, and reason have resumed her place. The most bitter disappointment is trifling to my present feelings. At the moment I had planned schemes of happiness, which I thought no circumstances could destroy, I am unjustly commanded to relinquish them. Can it be expected that I should comply? continued he, pacing the grotto with a disordered air. Ianthé endeavoured to calm him, by every argument she could devise, representing

senting the defeat of his hopes as a mere temporary evil ; but he wished her father to be ignorant of it, as he might probably object to her ever being received into a family, where she had been once rejected. Lord Raymond requested her to correspond with him, as it was the only consolation his present wounded mind could feel. After remaining a short time together, they thought it expedient to part, lest they should expose themselves to a discovery. Ianthé remained some time at the grotto, till she had recovered herself, as she dreaded that any one should perceive her recent emotion. She sought Lady Laura, to whom she communicated the late event ; and both had equal cause to regret the pride that actuated Lord  
de

de Mountfort. The remainder of the day passed gloomily ; the Count was the only person that had any animation ; for, elated with the success of his projects, his vivacity was unusual, as it was not his characteristick. Lord de Mountfort, mortified at the opposition he had met to his wishes, was sullen and discontented. Lady Rosa was more than commonly dejected, at observing her friend's uneasiness ; and Lady Laura, anxious for her brother's and Ianthé's happiness, shared in the latter's melancholy.

The next morning the three friends visited Glenmore, and had the satisfaction of finding Montalde restored to health. Adolphus flew to kiss Ianthé, who requested Lady  
Rosa



Rosa to play with him, while Lady Laura and herself went to Madame d'Auvergne, who was in her own apartment. Montalde was now left alone with the object of his affections for the first time since he had felt sentiments of regard for her; he wished therefore to take advantage of it, and avowed his love in the most timid and respectful terms. Lady Rosa received this declaration with a modesty which enhanced her native charms; she confessed her predilection for him, but felt herself discomposed, as this declaration was rather unexpected, and was glad to be relieved by the return of her friends. She communicated to them, as they walked to the castle, the conversation that had passed between Montalde and herself;

self; and it gave them pleasure, to think, that the cause of her dejection was removed, as they were convinced she had every prospect of felicity from the unquestionable worth of her lover's character.

Lord Raymond had been absent some time, and Ianthé, who expected he would have written to her when he arrived at Bath, had received no intelligence of him; but she endeavoured to avoid the anticipation of evil, as she knew by experience, that the real ills of life were sufficient, without forming imaginary ones. A train of alarming reflections, however, obtruded, and made her exceedingly pensive as she walked thro' the long gallery that led to her apartment. The  
image

image of her mother appeared to her disordered fancy, smiling on her with ineffable sweetness, as she used to do when pleased with her; and a tear stole down Ianthé's cheek, as she recollected that happiness would never return. She was looking at some of the pictures that ornamented the gallery, to divert these sad thoughts, when she heard a footstep advancing from the staircase to that part of the gallery where she was. Supposing it was Alice, she did not look round, till the person drew near to her, and then, to her great astonishment, she beheld the Count. "I am surprised, " my Lord, to see you here," said Ianthé, addressing him with an air of displeasure. " Pardon me, " Miss Claremont," he replied, " if

“ if, urged by the most ardent love,  
“ I have intruded, and trusted to  
“ your gentleness for forgiveness.”  
—“ Good night my Lord,” said she,  
attempting to leave him ; “ I will  
“ not listen to a subject which I  
“ consider an insult, and which  
“ is particularly displeasing from  
“ you.” He followed, and endeavoured to detain her ; but finding it ineffectual, he said, “ If my happiness will not prevail on you to  
“ listen to me, the consideration  
“ that your own peace of mind  
“ depends upon your compliance  
“ with my request, will, I hope,  
“ induce you.” This serious asservation made her return ; and desiring him not to trifle with her, as she could not comprehend what he could have to relate that was in any  
degree



degree interesting to her, she waited with impatience the event. The Count then assured her, after the most violent professions of love, that it had been Lady Claremont's wish that she should marry him. He had struggled a long time, he continued, with the delicacy of his feelings, till it had preyed on his spirits and made him miserable, as he wanted resolution to mention it. But apprehensive, at length, that she should bestow her affections on any other object, he resolved to impart this secret to her, as he knew her piety and affection would make her comply with whatever had been her mother's inclinations. He delivered this story in so plausible a manner, and expressed so much sorrow at being obliged to recall the memory

mory of her dear departed parent, that Ianthé thought it, at first, impossible that he could mean to deceive her. This supposition increased the melancholy that had before oppressed her, as fate seemed to oppose her union with Lord Raymond in so many shapes, that she thought it would meet with some unfurmountable barrier. Then, again, she reflected, that the Count might deceive her, as he had never appeared an amiable character in her eyes, tho' he had insinuated himself into the confidence of her parents, and that he might urge this plea to favor his own views. Impressed with this idea, she told him that she was already engaged; and convinced that she was, if her beloved mother were alive, she would be averse to her acting so dishonorable a part

as

degree interesting to her, she waited with impatience the event. The Count then assured her, after the most violent professions of love, that it had been Lady Claremont's wish that she should marry him. He had struggled a long time, he continued, with the delicacy of his feelings, till it had preyed on his spirits and made him miserable, as he wanted resolution to mention it. But apprehensive, at length, that she should bestow her affections on any other object, he resolved to impart this secret to her, as he knew her piety and affection would make her comply with whatever had been her mother's inclinations. He delivered this story in so plausible a manner, and expressed so much sorrow at being obliged to recall the memory

mory of her dear departed parent, that Ianthé thought it, at first, impossible that he could mean to deceive her. This supposition increased the melancholy that had before oppressed her, as fate seemed to oppose her union with Lord Raymond in so many shapes, that she thought it would meet with some unfurmountable barrier. Then, again, she reflected, that the Count might deceive her, as he had never appeared an amiable character in her eyes, tho' he had insinuated himself into the confidence of her parents, and that he might urge this plea to favor his own views. Impressed with this idea, she told him that she was already engaged; and convinced that she was, if her beloved mother were alive, she would be averse to her acting so dishonorable a part

as



as breaking an engagement she had formed. The Count's disappointed air strengthened her opinion of his falsehood, and she refused to hear him say any thing more, though he began to speak with great earnestness. She had by this time reached her apartment, leaving him mortified and disappointed. He was chagrined beyond description, as he had a contemptible opinion of the sex, and thought it the easiest thing in the world to impose upon their credulity. But it is always in the power of the wicked to wound the innocent; and though his arts could not prevail on Ianthé to resign Lord Raymond, the uncertainty that remained of the truth or falsehood of what he alledged, created her a great deal of uneasiness. The night was stormy; the wind howled round

the battlements of the Castle; the rain and hail battered against the casements, and the melancholy noise of the shreek-owl increased the oppression of her spirits, which she tried to dissipate by offering up her most fervent prayers to the Almighty disposer of the world. Sleep soon visited her weary eyelids, as she became more composed; but the perturbation of her mind influenced her dreams, which were terrific, and she woke several times in horror. Her spirits felt agitated in the morning, and harassed by the frightful images of the preceding night; but she calmed this disquietude, by reflecting, that her ills were but visionary, as little credit could be given to what the Count had asserted, and a few weeks might bring her intelligence of

of Lord Raymond. Sir James, when Albert wrote from Exeter, was improving in his health, and proposed to continue in Devonshire some months, as the air agreed extremely well with him. The old man received the relation of his grand-daughter's goodness with tears of joy, and it made him quite happy ; for the continuance of his son's unfeeling conduct had not surprised him, and he did not feel so much affected, as if he had expected a different behaviour.

From the time that Montalde was assured of Lady Rosa's approbation of his passion, he was careless of the Count's opinion ; and by frequently visiting at the Castle, supplied, in some degree, the loss of

of Lord Raymond. He became every day more attached to Lady Rosa, whose charms improved upon acquaintance, as the hauteur of her manners was softened by the society of her gentle friends, Ianthé and Laura.

The Count was studious to catch every opportunity of speaking to Ianthé, but she cautiously avoided him. Another week passed without any news of Lord Raymond, and she began to be seriously uneasy. The innocent prattle of little Adolphus was her chief amusement, having prevailed on Madame d'Auvergne to let him remain with her a few days. Her only method to escape the Count, was by rising early, as the mornings



were fine, and the refreshing coolness of the air, before the sun darted its most fervid beams, invigorated her spirits. She continued this plan three mornings, and on the fourth, as she left her apartment rather later than usual, she was divided, whether she should walk or not. The fear of meeting the Count was, however, superseded by her inclination to enjoy the smiling face of nature. She walked by the side of the canal, and held in one hand a basket filled with aquatick plants, which she had gathered to botanise with, leading by the other Adolphus, who diverted himself with seeing the swans wash their silver wings in the glassy stream; A gentle breeze agitated her fair hair, and she looked

ed beautiful beyond expression. As she drew near the bridge that crossed the canal, she observed a gentleman, at some distance, with his hat drawn so low over his face that she could not distinguish his features, and a loose great-coat concealed his figure; but when he approached, she perceived, under this disguise, that it was Lord Raymond, and uttered an exclamation of joy. When they recovered from their emotions at seeing each other, he said, “ It must be difficult for you, “ my beloved Ianthé, to account “ for my sudden appearance, but “ to explain it, and apologize for “ my silence, which I fear has dis- “ pleased you, I must relate the “ events that have occasioned this “ apparent negligence on my part.

L 2

“ When

“ When I arrived at Bath, the  
“ disturbance of my thoughts pro-  
“ duced a fever, which made me  
“ delirious for several days. At the  
“ height of my disorder I frequent-  
“ ly mentioned your name, and I  
“ was informed of it by Thomas,  
“ my servant, on my recovery.  
“ Having attended me from a boy,  
“ his attachment to my person is  
“ very great; I was therefore not  
“ much surprised, when, after  
“ begging a hundred pardons for  
“ the liberty he was going to take,  
“ he requested to know if I were  
“ in love with Miss Claremont?  
“ The oddity of this address made  
“ me smile, and I answered in the  
“ affirmative. I thought your  
“ Lordship was, he replied, by  
“ what you said when you were  
“ light-

“ light-headed ; and I think my-  
 “ self bound in duty to acquaint  
 “ your Lordship with the particu-  
 “ lars that Count Verrina’s man,  
 “ Lorenzo, told me. We are very  
 “ intimate, and he said, one day,  
 “ over a bottle of ale, that his  
 “ master was going to be married  
 “ to Miss Claremont, in spite of  
 “ Lord Raymond. Ah ! says I,  
 “ my lad, how do you know that ?  
 “ Oh answered he, we have laid  
 “ our scheme finely ! I am ordered  
 “ to bring every letter that is left  
 “ at the post-office for Miss Clare-  
 “ mont to the Count ; and we  
 “ shall cheat them, I warrant you.  
 “ But I know you are an honest  
 “ fellow, Tom, and will be as close  
 “ as wax. Yes, certainly, says I,  
 “ you may depend upon me ; but



“ I determined all the while to  
“ tell your Lordship.

“ You will think, Ianthé, how  
“ much this villainous account  
“ surprised me ; but I felt inward-  
“ ly rejoiced, that my illness had  
“ delayed my writing to you, and  
“ resolving to trust no one with  
“ any message to you, I was  
“ obliged to curb my impatience  
“ till I was sufficiently recovered  
“ to visit you myself. I arrived  
“ here the day before yesterday,  
“ and have been ever since watch-  
“ ing for an opportunity of speak-  
“ ing to you, but none has offered  
“ till this morning. I have been  
“ at Glenmore, and requested Mon-  
“ talde to suffer my letters to be  
“ directed under cover to his sister.  
“ Adieu,

“ Adieu, for the present, my love,  
 “ as I cannot risk a discovery by  
 “ remaining any longer. I will  
 “ not give way to despondence,  
 “ but hope our constancy will not  
 “ meet with any more trials.” He  
 now folded her to his faithful bosom, and was then quickly out of sight, leaving Ianthé, as if awaked from a dream. A burst of tears restored her to recollection, as she was oppressed with sorrow, when she reflected that she had been the cause of Raymond’s sufferings. Adolphus had been playing on the grass, and began to cry when he saw her weeping; to quiet him she dried her tears, and the child ran laughing and jumping before her to the Castle.

The failure of receiving Lord Raymond's letters was quite a mystery to the Count. His politic brain had teemed with numerous projects ; but none, he thought, so feasible, or approved of so well, as that which he had already practised, and which, to his extreme mortification, he imagined had failed ; but his pride yet stimulated him to pursue a plan he had flattered himself would be successful, as he sometimes attributed Ianthé's visible dejection to not hearing from her lover. The latter frequently received letters from Lord Raymond, which were very interesting to her, as they breathed the utmost tenderness. He sometimes hinted, though distantly, at a private marriage ; but she avoided understanding him,

as

as she had the greatest objection to it. Lord de Mountfort appeared quite indifferent about his son, and she saw no prospect of his relenting, but by the marriage of Montalde and Lady Rosa, which would destroy every hope he had indulged of the wished-for alliance, that had rendered him so obstinate to his son's intreaties.



---

Another, more happy, the maid  
By fortune is destin'd to bless—  
Tho' the hope has forsook that betray'd,  
Yet why shou'd I love her the less?

---

**MONTALDE** was very urgent with Lady Rosa to consent to be his, as he pleaded that the Count would have no power over her, when the indissoluble bond was sealed; but if he went to Italy previously to it, he might, by united force and intreaties, compel her to accompany him; which would annihilate every hope of their union, as she would be then  
intirely

intirely subservient to his authority. Lady Rosa could not long resist his intreaties, as she was conscious there was much truth in what he alledged. Ianthé and Lady Laura joined in his request, and their approbation of it at length quite conquered her scruples, and she consented to bestow her hand on Montalde the Friday following. It was settled that the ceremony should be performed at Glenmore, by a Catholic priest, whom the latter was to procure. No material circumstance occurred to disturb the tranquillity of any individual of the party; and the morn that was to unite Montalde and Lady Rosa was hailed with favourable omens of their future happiness. Though married to the object of her affec-

tions, she was sensibly affected at the unavoidable estrangement of her brother, which keenly wounded her feelings, he being the only relative she had ever known. But the soothing tenderness of Montalde alleviated every painful sensation. His impatience was great to claim her as his wife, and the intervening time, that passed till the intended explanation, moved slowly in his conceptions. To avoid incensing the Earl, it was to be concealed from him, that Lady Laura and Ianthé were present at the marriage. Immediately after breakfast, the Monday following, Lady Rosa left the Castle and walked to the park gates, where Montalde was waiting to convey her to Glenmore. At dinner the Count and Lord

Lord de Mountfort expressed their surprise at her being absent, and asked Laura and Ianthé if they knew the cause of it. They answered in the negative, and wore the appearance of astonishment at the circumstance. The Count then said with a sneer, he supposed she was at the cottage, as its rural charms appeared particularly fascinating to her. He had just finished this good-natured speech, when the groom of the chambers presented him with a note, which he opened with surprise; but glancing his eye on the signature of Rosa de Montalde, he tore it instantly to pieces, without deigning to read it. Then, with a voice almost suffocated with rage, he exclaimed, addressing himself to the Earl:—

“ The



“ The suspicions I had formed, my  
“ Lord, were but too just, and the  
“ arts of that cursed Frenchman  
“ have at last succeeded. My fif-  
“ ter is married to him.” Lord de  
Mountfort, astonished and disap-  
pointed, was almost petrified, and  
it might have been supposed, from  
his inanimate appearance, that this  
intelligence had the power of con-  
verting him, like Niobe, into stone.  
He was roused from this state of  
stupefaction by the Count’s vehe-  
ment menaces against Montalde.  
Ianthé and Lady Laura endeavour-  
ed to appease his fury; but he was  
ungovernable, and left the saloon,  
followed by the Earl, whose own  
anger was lost in the sight of Ver-  
rina’s raging passion and incessant  
threats of vengeance.

The

The fair friends viewed each other in the utmost consternation, as they had not imagined he would have been so highly irritated, and dreaded Lady Rosa's sufferings, should she hear of the anger he had expressed. "I wish you would speak  
" to him," said Lady Laura, "as  
" the love he entertains for you  
" may induce him, perhaps, to  
" listen to your reasonings. I confess, Ianthé, that the task is unpleasant, but as the life of a worthy character is at stake, you  
" cannot refuse to undertake it, since  
" your influence on his mind will  
" be of infinite service to the cause.  
" But we will first inquire of Lorenzo, where to find his master."  
They learnt from the servant that the Count was in the library, and  
Lady

Lady Laura, after attending her friend to the door, left her, though with little expectation of softening his haughty spirit. He was hastily pacing the room, which prevented his observing her immediately; but the frown on his gloomy brow seemed to relax of its severity, when he perceived her approaching. “To  
“ what fortunate circumstance am  
“ I indebted, Miss Claremont, for  
“ the honor of this visit?” said he, taking her hand, which she dared not withdraw. “I have presumed,  
“ my Lord,” she replied, “to offer myself as a petitioner in behalf of your sister, who will be  
“ wretched indeed, should Montalde and yourself meet; as to lose  
“ either her husband or brother,  
“ must stamp her future life with  
“ the

“ the most poignant misery. Love  
 “ alone is Montalde’s fault; and  
 “ can you, who have so often  
 “ pleaded its force, thus punish the  
 “ consequences of it with so much  
 “ rigour? consult your own breast,  
 “ and you will fully acquit him.  
 “ His heart and birth are noble,  
 “ and though fortune has been  
 “ particularly unkind to him, he  
 “ has merited all her favours. She  
 “ now seems to reward him for her  
 “ former frowns, by uniting him  
 “ to the woman he loves. Add  
 “ not, therefore, to the severity of  
 “ his fate, by obliging him to ren-  
 “ der her miserable. No other fear  
 “ would induce him to meet you  
 “ with reluctance, as his gallant  
 “ conduct is well known; but cir-  
 “ cumstanced as he is, I am assured  
 “ he



“ he would rather regard you as a re-  
“ vered friend, than as an enemy.”

The Count almost forgot his anger in listening to the sweet accents of this fair pleader, and though he felt the justice of what she had alledged, he would not appear wholly to relent, hoping to gain an advantage from her terror. “ I am careless,  
“ Madam,” said he, addressing her,  
“ of my own life, as I have lately  
“ not met with any thing to re-  
“ concile me to it; yet I own it  
“ would be inhuman, in the high-  
“ est degree, to pursue with rigour  
“ my former sentiments of re-  
“ venge, being dictated by the first  
“ emotions of anger. I did not  
“ consider how fatal such ven-  
“ geance would be to a sister,  
“ whom I still tenderly love. But  
“ again,

“ again, my injured honor de-  
 “ mands a sacrifice, and my prin-  
 “ ciples lead me to think every  
 “ consideration of affection secon-  
 “ dary to it. Not even your per-  
 “ suasions can, therefore, make me  
 “ relinquish my intention of mee-  
 “ ting Montalde, and one induce-  
 “ ment alone will have weight  
 “ with me. Regard then my love  
 “ with an eye of pity, that I may  
 “ flatter myself with one day cal-  
 “ ling you mine, and I will be  
 “ wholly under your guidance;  
 “ otherwise I am inflexible.”—  
 “ This is cruel,” my Lord, rejoined  
 “ Ianthé; “ you forget I am al-  
 “ ready engaged, and would make  
 “ me guilty of the highest injus-  
 “ tice in breaking a promise that  
 “ is sacred. By acting in this  
 “ manner

“ manner, I should judge myself  
“ culpable, even if attached to  
“ you; but the sincere affection I  
“ have for Lord Raymond, renders me firm in rejecting you,  
“ as it would be the basest duplicity in me to indulge hopes that  
“ can never be realised. Suffer the  
“ natural nobleness of your soul to  
“ conquer an unfortunate passion,  
“ which duty bids me to oppose, and  
“ accept my friendship and esteem  
“ which are all I have to bestow.  
“ By restoring your sister to your  
“ affection, and acknowledging her  
“ husband as your brother, the approbation of your own heart  
“ will, believe me, amply recompense you for the sacrifices you  
“ may make.”

The

The Count heard with emotion the pleadings of virtue and innocence, and could no longer resist arguments so powerful. “ You have  
 “ conquered, Ianthé,” said he;  
 “ you have quite subdued me; never  
 “ again will I prefer my happiness  
 “ to your peace, but consider myself  
 “ criminal for having disturbed it. Forgive me, if I say  
 “ I love you a thousand times more  
 “ than myself; but it shall not excite  
 “ another wish, inconsistent  
 “ with your regard for Lord Raymond. I will in future be a  
 “ friend to you both, by making  
 “ use of the interest I have with  
 “ the Earl, in reconciling him to  
 “ his son, and by promoting your  
 “ union, for which I shall be a  
 “ strenuous advocate, and hope, as  
 “ a reward,



“ a reward, to lose, in the contemp-  
“ lation of your happiness, my  
“ own sufferings.” He uttered these  
last words with a sigh, and Ianthé,  
surprised and affected by his gene-  
rous behaviour, expressed her admi-  
ration and gratitude in such warm  
terms, as inspired the Count with  
the most benevolent determinations;  
and he continued: “ I will accom-  
“ pany Lady Laura and yourself  
“ to Glenmore this evening, as it  
“ is my wish to assure its inhabi-  
“ tants, as soon as possible, of my  
“ friendship for them, and I will  
“ immediately order the carriage  
“ to be ready for you in half an  
“ hour.” Ianthé went instantly to  
Lady Laura, and imparted the suc-  
cess of her embassy. After many  
expressions of joy, the latter said,  
looking

looking archly at her, " I told you  
" that he could not resist your elo-  
" quence, and would become quite  
" harmless and gentle."

Lady Rosa was walking on the lawn with Montalde, when the carriage drove up to the gate. Not expecting to see her brother, she was so much affected, that she could with difficulty support her trembling frame, as she dreaded the reproaches she had to encounter. But her senses, she thought, deceived her, on perceiving him approach with a smiling air, and hearing him congratulate her on her marriage. He then saluted her, and embraced her husband with an air of sincerity equally agreeable and surprising. Manners so unexpectedly

pectedly kind excited the greatest astonishment in them, and they imagined themselves under some illusion, till the Count, looking at Ianthé, said, “to this angel are  
“ you indebted for seeing me re-  
“ stored to my senses, which were  
“ lost, while under the dominion  
“ of prejudice and passion; but her  
“ gentle admonitions have recovered, and taught me how I ought  
“ to act.” Ianthé blushed at this pointed address, and endeavoured to turn the conversation into another channel, which they gave into, in compliance with her wishes.

The Count, who had communicated happiness to the whole party, was the only individual of it that had any uneasiness to disturb them;  
for

for tho' he strove to conceal, by his looks, words, and actions, the love he felt for Ianthé, from the fear of giving her pain, his regret was extreme, to think such an inestimable treasure was lost to him for ever. Severe, indeed, was the trial; and he was convinced how necessary it was for him to quit England, if he wished to recover his peace of mind. He intended to request Montalde and his sister to accompany him to Italy, which he hoped to prevail upon them to do without reluctance: but he had the generosity to wish that Ianthé's union with Lord Raymond might take place before his departure, as he was anxious for her felicity, tho' a contrary fate would be his, till absence had weakened his attachment. He feared it would be



a difficult point to reconcile Lord de Mountfort to this change of sentiment, as age had increased his obstinacy, and made it almost impossible to render him open to conviction. Lord Raymond, to whom Ianthé had imparted the Count's noble and generous conduct, expressed the highest admiration of him, and readily excused his former errors, attributing them to the violence of his love, which he considered very pardonable.

---

Her heart, where pity lov'd to dwell,  
With anguish oft was wrung.  
For the bruise'd insect, as it fell,  
Her soft tear trembling hung.

WILLIAMS.

---

WHILE these events were taking place in Wales, Albert received orders to join his regiment, which was to embark for Ireland in a few days. He felt a reluctance at quitting Devonshire, the cause of which he endeavoured in vain to conceal from himself; but his heart too plainly told him, that the beauty

and unaffected manners of Juletta Leland had made an indelible impression on his mind, and he had an interior satisfaction in knowing he was at a short distance from her, which would no longer exist, when he left the kingdom. Her peculiarly pitiable situation, in having so worthless a father, had excited a commiseration for her, which, added to her charms, soon ripened into love. The elegance of Albert's manners had at the same time appeared very striking to Juletta, as they formed a decided contrast to the country clowns in the neighbourhood, who were the only men she had ever seen; and she could not avoid sometimes giving a sigh to his memory. But the gayety of virtue and innocence is rarely disturbed;

turbed; and she had seen too little of him, to have impressed any painful sensations on her mind; which was extremely fortunate, as the solitude in which she lived would have contributed to nourish sentiments, that must have proved a source of misery.

The indisposition of her father, however, interrupted her tranquillity, and she became alarmed for his life. In vain did she solicit him to have some medical advice, as he continued daily to grow worse. The dread of expence made him obstinate to all she could urge. His constitution, debilitated by the stings of a guilty conscience, and the rigid abstemiousness he observed from parsimony, threatened very soon to



be subdued by the burning fever that consumed him. His daughter earnestly intreated he would suffer her to watch by him all night, but he positively refused, as he dreaded that any thing extraordinary should be expended. One day, when he had been more indisposed than usual, Juletta judged it right to disobey him, and desired Gregory to sit up in the kitchen all night, and occasionally listen at her father's door to know how he continued. Mr. Leland, whose vigilance was extreme, as illness prevented his sleeping, heard somebody coming up the stairs, for the least noise echoed thro' the old building. Irritated to think his commands had not been attended to, he got up to see who the person was that had diso-

disobeyed him ; but weakened by being confined so long to his apartment, he had strength only to reach the top of the staircase, when his foot slipping in the dark, he fell to the bottom, and was killed on the spot. Thus died Mr. Leland a victim to avarice, after passing a life of misery of his own creating, when he might have enjoyed happiness, and conferred it on others. Seldom was the smoke seen to rise from his chimney ; but it was just that he should suffer hunger, tho' he possessed the means of plenty, as he had deprived numerous individuals of their subsistence. Gregory, who had been asleep, was roused by the noise of his master's fall ; he ran out into the hall, and felt the greatest horror at seeing him extended

apparently lifeless, and in the most wretched state upon the stone pavement. He went immediately to Grace, the maid servant, and when he had informed her of the accident, desired she would not acquaint the young lady with it, as he was going to procure a doctor, and would send some people to convey their master to bed. The poor girl, who had a great deal of superstition, which is the usual companion of ignorance, was terrified at the idea of remaining in the house almost by herself with a dead man, and intreated him to make haste, and send some person to be with her. Every possible method was used, when the doctor arrived, for Mr Leland's recovery, but without effect. Gregory related to him what he supposed

posed had occasioned his death, and this gentleman was astonished to hear, that he had carried his avarice to such lengths. He asked, if the young lady had any friends to direct her in settling her affairs, as her extreme youth must render it a task of trouble and difficulty. Gregory, who was very communicative, replied, “ Oh ! no, sir, I never  
 “ heard of any relation my master  
 “ had, except his father, who lives  
 “ somewhere in Wales. It is a pity,  
 “ indeed, as you say, sir, that she  
 “ has no older person to direct her,  
 “ as she will have a large fortune,  
 “ and a blessed day it will be for  
 “ the poor people ; for she is very  
 “ generous, when she has it in her  
 “ power. God knows that was  
 “ very seldom, for master kept her



“ scanty enough of money, Lord  
“ love her! she is a sweet young  
“ lady, and speaks so affably and  
“ prettily to every body.” Dr.  
Evelyn was an excellent character,  
and his humanity felt much interested for Miss Leland, as her situation was particularly melancholy, in being destitute of friends on such a mournful occasion. The favourable account he had received of her from Gregory, confirmed his resolution to impart the painful news himself; as to suffer either of the servants to shock her by an abrupt disclosure, would be unfeeling in the highest degree.

Juletta had not heard any thing of what had happened in the night, as her apartment was remote from

her father's. She was dressed, as usual, by six o'clock, and going to inquire how he had slept, when she met Grace, who said a gentleman wished to speak with her immediately on an affair of consequence. She followed the servant to the parlour, where she found Dr. Evelyn. He was astonished at the sight of so much elegance and beauty, and pitied the severity of her fate, in having had such a father, and being thus left exposed to a world replete with danger for young women, particularly when superior in personal charms to most of their sex. He disclosed the melancholy event to Juletta with the utmost caution; but the shock overpowered her, and she instantly fainted away. When she recovered, he admini-

stered every consolation he could suggest to compose her afflicted mind, and she felt grateful for this kind attention from a stranger, as she was deeply sensible of her unprotected situation. But she was much relieved when he assured her that Mrs. Evelyn would be happy to pass some time with her, till her affairs were settled, and she had procured a lady for her companion, which he advised her to do. Juletta found it difficult to express her gratitude for his goodness, of which she had the highest sense. She was much pleased with the acquisition of Mrs. Evelyn's society, as her manners were engaging, and she resembled the doctor in compassion and benevolence for the unfortunate. After the funeral, they examined  
the

the effects that were left, and discovered in an iron chest, in the late Mr. Leland's apartments, his will, and three thousand pounds in bank notes and specie. Juletta was declared sole heiress to his immense property; but she experienced no other pleasure in possessing this large fortune, than the happiness it would enable her to create in the bosom of distress. Her first act of generosity was to present Dr. Evelyn with a grateful testimony of her regard for the friendship he had evinced for her, and which had rescued her from many dangers to which her youth and inexperience would have exposed her. Conscious of the defects in her education, she procured an elderly lady of family, who was elegant and accomplished,

to



to reside with her, as a companion, and to superintend the masters who attended her. She made a rapid improvement in every thing she learned, as nature had endowed her with shining abilities. While Juletta was thus surrounded with novelties, and enjoyed the most refined happiness, she had not forgotten her grandfather, to whose assistance she would immediately have hastened, could she have discovered where he resided; but all her researches were in vain, as she only knew that he lived in Wales, and could meet with no other information. The large fortune she was reported to possess, soon procured her numerous invitations from the neighbouring families, who eagerly sought her acquaintance, as several ladies,

ladies, who wished their sons to marry advantageously, were anxious to have her for a daughter-in-law, tho' they criticised the innocent simplicity of her manners. But she declined their advances to intimacy, preferring her studies to the etiquette of visits, and the society of Mrs. Granville and the Evelyns to every other. Had she been deformity itself, the charms of her purse would have gained her numerous admirers, among those who regard the glittering gold with more adoration than all the lilies and roses that ever adorned the fairest face. But when to this first perfection every other was united, innumerable were the swains that sighed for her, and blamed the inexorable beauty who concealed herself

self amidst the shades of Drakelow, without any compassion for their feelings. Her heart however continued obdurate, as she had not seen any one, whose elegance of person and manners could equal Albert's; she was, therefore, inaccessible to the adulation so studiously paid her, and for which she had no relish, as flattery can be pleasing only to a corrupt mind, and not to a heart unadulterated like Juletta's. The felicity of her life was embittered by no other regret, than her being unable to discover her grand-father's residence: she employed her time in improving her mind and in performing acts of beneficence, that rendered her an object of general affection and esteem.

---

———When youth, when pleasure; flies,  
And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes ;  
Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracks are seen,  
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green :  
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,  
Their's is the present who can praise the past ;  
Life has its blifs for these when past its bloom,  
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

SHENSTONE.

---

LORD de Mountfort would have continued inflexible to a reconciliation with his son, notwithstanding the Count's generous interference, if the death of Mr. Claremont, who had repented of his cruelty to Sir James, and bequeathed him all his property,



property, had not influenced him to relent. He now became as anxious for Lord Raymond's union with Ianthé, as he was before averse to it; for it was no longer doubtful that she would possess a large fortune. The cause of this change in his conduct was too obvious for disguise; but he endeavoured to conceal the motive, by affirming to his son, that he perceived so many traits of goodness in Miss Claremont's character, as intirely to conquer his scruples. But his real views were too discernible under this flimsy mask, and so poor a subterfuge afforded Ianthé a great deal of diversion.

When Mr. Claremont found death approaching, he sent an express

press into Devonshire for Sir James, who arrived only in time to receive his forgiveness, as the former expired soon after. The latter had too much goodness of heart to behold, without painful emotions, the death of his father, who had endeavoured by his last bequest to atone for his former want of tenderness, which had been chiefly occasioned by the treachery of George. Nothing could exceed the rage of the latter on finding that the power he had over his father's mind had failed in depriving his brother of his property. When Sir James had taken possession of his fortune, he returned to Wales, and consented, without any hesitation, to the proposed alliance between Lord Raymond and his daughter. It was settled that their marriage should take

take place on the same day with Lady Laura's and Lord Lindors'. The latter had made proposals to the Earl, when the twelvemonth had elapsed since the death of Mr. Rivers. He was received very graciously by the Lord de Mountfort, as no objection could be made to his rank or fortune, and invited to pass some weeks at the Castle, where the felicity of its inhabitants could hardly be augmented, but by the presence of Albert. The Count was indeed an exception, and felt truly miserable as the time approached that was to unite Ianthé to the object of her affections. He perceived the necessity of his immediate return to Italy, and expressed his wish to Montalde, that he would accompany him with his wife

wife and sister. Montalde gratified Verrina by consenting with much satisfaction; and, without a great deal of difficulty, prevailed on the Marchioness and Gabriella to form the same resolution. But they reflected on their intended departure with the bitterest anguish, as they would be separated from Ianthé and Lady Laura, who endeavoured in vain to persuade them to defer quitting England, and could only obtain a promise that they would return in a few years. The last interview between these friends was affecting beyond description. They embraced each other in mournful silence, and Ianthé's tears bedewed the cheeks of little Adolphus, whom she held some time in her arms, unable to part from him. The



Count was too much agitated to speak, when she thanked him, with emotion, for his friendship and generous conduct towards her, which had made an impression that no length of time could erase. He bowed upon her hand, incapable of articulating any thing, and found this scene so painful, that he could not support it any longer. He looked expressively at Montalde, who, immediately comprehending him, conducted Gabriella to the carriage, and the Count followed with the Marchioness and Adolphus. Several days elapsed before Ianthé recovered from the depression of spirits occasioned by this separation, but she received the greatest relief in the affectionate tenderness of Lord Raymond and his

his sister. Her prospects were all smiling; and she thought it wrong to render those who loved her uneasy, by indulging useless regrets, as the least cloud of sorrow upon her countenance filled them with anxiety. The arrival of her brother heightened her felicity, and he congratulated her with sincere expressions of joy, on the continued happiness she had in view.

The following day, Ianthé and Lord Raymond accompanied Albert to the cottage of their old *protégée*. To their great surprize, they beheld a post-chaise at the door, and on entering the house, perceived a young and beautiful lady seated by the venerable man, who was fast asleep. His grey locks shaded his  
aged

aged countenance, which wore an air of benignity, as if he retraced in his dreams the virtuous actions of his life. An elderly lady, whose appearance was respectable and elegant, seemed to contemplate with pleasure the scene before her. Their sudden entrance caused the young lady to raise her eyes, and she instantly recognised Albert, for it was indeed the lovely Juletta. I shall be spared, said she, addressing him, the embarrassment of introducing myself to my grandfather, as I will request you to do me that favor; I am but this moment arrived, and would not disturb his repose. Albert replied in the most obliging terms, and then presented her to his sister and Lord Raymond. The former received Juletta with

with a smile of sweetness, that quite enchanted her, and charmed Mrs. Granville, who was likewise introduced.

It is difficult to depict the old man's joy, when he awoke and learned that this lady was his granddaughter. He felt repaid for all the years of suffering he had passed, by the tenderness of her manners, and the feeling with which she assured him, it should be her study to make him happy. The company, affected at the touching sensibility she evinced for this aged victim of unmerited misfortune, melted into tears. When they were recovered from the emotion caused by this tribute to Juletta's worth, Lord Raymond requested her, in his father's



name, to visit the castle with her grandfather. She consented with some reluctance, as she had wished to return immediately to Drakelow; but the persuasions of Ianthé conquered her resolution. From the account she had received of her grandfather's poverty, she concluded his clothes were mean, and had brought with her a dress proper for an elderly gentleman of fortune, as she wished her servants to see him in a situation calculated to secure him respect. He looked exceedingly well, when dressed in a suitable manner, as he was a handsome man, and had received a good education in his youth.

Virtue so exemplary as Juletta's,  
would have softened to tenderness  
a heart

a heart of adamant ; its impresson was therefore deep on Albert's, which had already been susceptible of her charms. He suffered all the anxiety which a sincere passion is alone capable of feeling ; convinced, that with so much beauty and virtue, she could not be long unengaged, he was apprehensive of losing her. With this idea prevalent in his mind, he requested the honor of conversing with her alone, and offered, as an apology for his premature declaration, the fear which influenced him, that some more fortunate man might rival him in her affections. Julietta answered him with the candour that was a leading feature in her character, and confessed she was sensible of his worth. His gratitude was unbounded for

this condescension; and it is not easy to paint the happiness he experienced, which was damped only by regret at parting with her in so short a time. But Juletta obtained a promise from Lord Raymond, before she left the castle, that he would bring Ianthé soon after their marriage, to pass some months with her in Devonshire. Albert was included in the invitation, which he intended to accept, if his duty would permit him.

The second morning after Juletta's departure the union of Ianthé and Lord Raymond, and of Lady Laura and Lord Lindors, took place. Albert returned to Ireland, and could not obtain permission to quit it, when Lord Raymond and his lady  
visited

visited Drakelow House, which was a severe disappointment to him. Juletta had by numerous alterations, rendered this once-gloomy abode cheerful and elegant; and before the expiration of a twelvemonth, it received a new master, as she was then united to Albert; an event from which they both derived an addition of happiness that is the lot of very few.

Miss Osborne was married to Willoughby. They became a source of continual misery to each other, and passed their time in quarrelling and magnifying the faults of their acquaintance in order to lessen their own. They became at length so thoroughly contemptible, that the



world despised them, as much as they did themselves.

The Miss Sydenhams, after conquetting with every man that came in their way, found at last a deficiency in the attention of the beaux, till consulting their mirrors, they were made too well acquainted with the cause. They viewed the approaches of age with horror, as they could not dwell with pleasure on the past, and remembrance afforded not any acts of virtue performed in their youth.

The unhappy St. Clair travelled from one country to another, endeavouring, but in vain, to banish the reflections that pursued him, to the entire loss of his peace of mind.

They

They proved at length fatal to his constitution, and occasioned a consumption, that terminated his life, before he had reached his twenty fifth year.

Lady Raymond frequently received letters from the Marchioness and Gabriella: they did not come to England as they had intended, but were visited by the de Mountfort family, who passed some months in Italy. The violence of the Count's passion was subdued by time; but he always cherished a melancholy, which no efforts could conquer. The Marquis and Marchioness de Montalde enjoyed the purest happiness; but Gabriella continued to mourn the hapless fate of the murdered d'Auvergne; nor would she  
listen

listen to any other love, tho' her charms procured her several admirers who would have raised her to splendor. She found her only consolation in viewing the growing excellencies of Adolphus, whose resemblance to his father brought a sad, yet pleasing, recollection to her memory.

Lord Raymond's felicity in being united to the flower of Caernarvon, could admit of no addition. This estimable pair passed their lives in the exercise of every social virtue, and in constant duties of affection to their relations and friends, of whom their noble behaviour commanded the most unbounded attachment and respect. Though clouds of sorrow had overcast the first dawn of their youth,

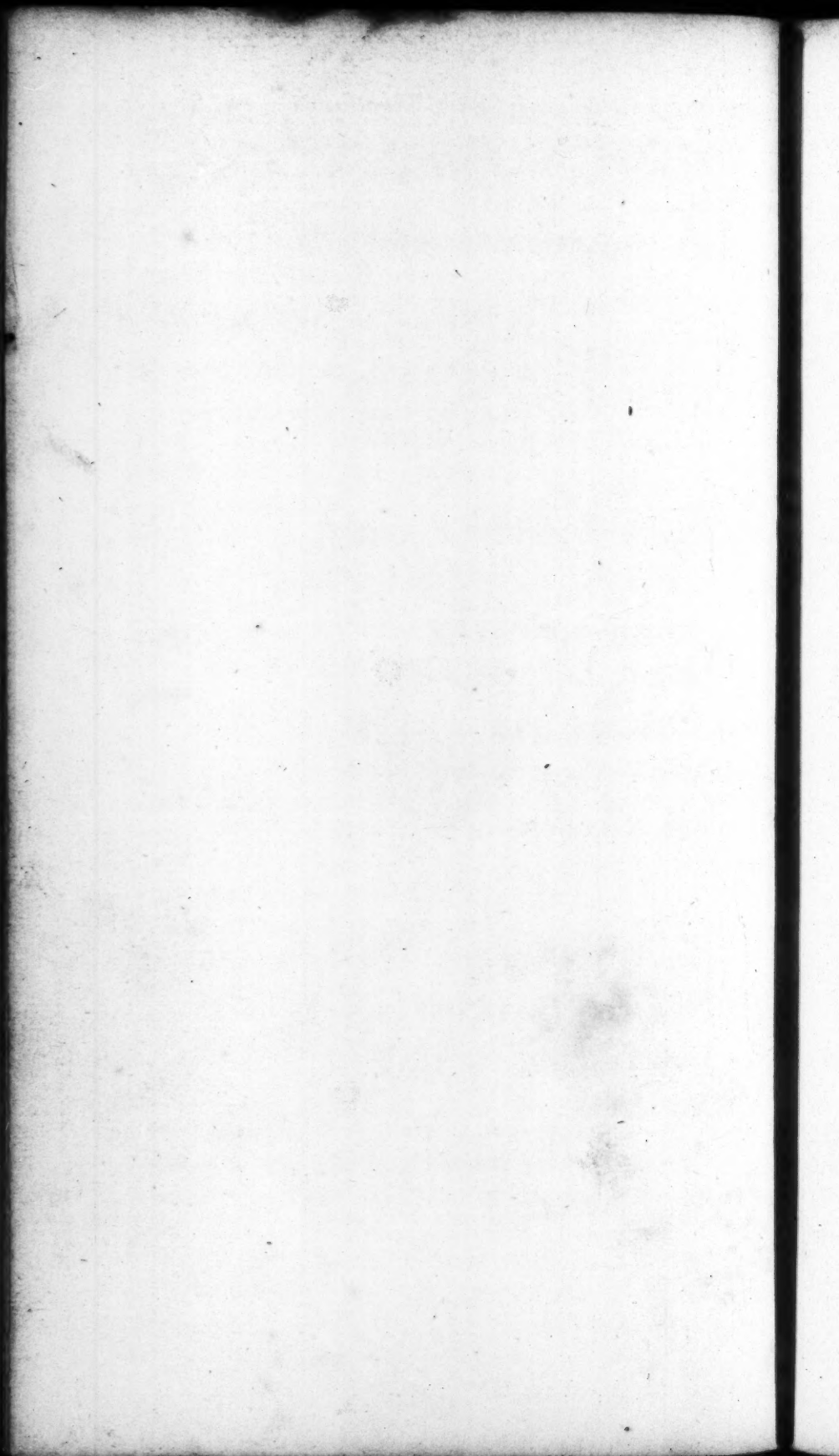
youth, yet the remainder of their days passed in happiness rarely equalled. Their hearts were never steel-ed against the unfortunate, but were, on the contrary, eagerly disposed to relieve their distress; as they had themselves suffered from the cruelty of an unfeeling and selfish world, prosperity did not make them forget the lessons adversity had taught. Sir James, in the contemplation of his children's felicity, was grateful to the Almighty being, who is the source of every good. A sigh would sometimes escape his bosom at the remembrance of his beloved wife; but he hoped, that from the realms of bliss, she beheld with delight her virtuous offspring.

FINIS.









## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

---

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales

H. R. H. the Duke of York

H. R. H. the Duke of Clarence

### A

Right Hon. the Countess of Aldbo-  
rough - - - 2 sets

Robert Adair, esq. - - 2 sets

Mrs. John Allnut - - 2 sets

— Alpress, esq.

Mrs. Alvey

Mrs. Anderson

### B

Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Belasyse

Nicholas Brooking, esq

Col. Beaumont, M. P.

Mr. Bell

Alex. Rich. Bassett, esq.

Miss Barker



# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Banhate  
 Miss Bishop  
 Mr. Brickwood  
 Mrs. Bearley, Oporto - - 2 sets  
 Mrs. Babington, ditto  
 — Babington, esq. ditto  
 Miss Babington, ditto  
 Miss L. Babington, ditto  
 — Butler, esq. ditto  
 — Bull, esq. ditto  
 P. de Chamoufe Brown, esq. ditto

## C.

Hon. Miss Courtenay  
 Hon. Miss H. Courtenay  
 Lady B. Ashley Cooper  
 Miss Cowell  
 Mrs. Carpenter  
 Miss Coore - - - 2 sets  
 Mr. Clavey  
 — Croft, esq. Oporto - - 6 sets  
 Mrs. Clies, ditto



LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mr. C.

Mrs. Cotten

Ensign Colt

D

Mrs. Doyle - - - 2 sets

Henry Dawkins, esq.

Mrs. Dawkins

Captain Durant

Lieutenant Darwall

Miss Dashwere

John Daly, esq.

Mrs. Delarfield

Miss Mary Davies

Elde Darly, esq.

Miss Dawson

Mrs. Dyer

Miss E. Dyer

T. Dance, esq.

Mrs. Dawson

— Dimmock, esq.

## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS

### E

Hon. Mrs. Estwick  
 Une Emigrée - - - 4 fets  
 Mr. Edwards  
 Mrs. Esten  
 Mrs. Egan

### F

Right Hon. Lord Fauconberg  
 Right Hon. Lady Fauconberg  
 Preston Fitzgerald, esq.  
 Tucker Follet, esq. - - - 2 fets

### G

Late Mrs. Goddard - - - 2 fets  
 Captain Gallini  
 Thomas Garden, esq.  
 Benj. Garland, esq. Oporto

### H

Sir Samuel Hanay, Bart. 2 fets  
 Hon. Mrs. Hill  
 —Hill, esq.

## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Honeywood

T. Hammerley, esq.    -    -    2 sets

Mr. Hancock            -    -    -    2 sets

Miss M. Hunt

Henry Holdsworth, esq.

Robert Hunt, esq.

Captain James Hutton

— Hutton, esq.

Major Hutton

P. Humphry, esq.

John Heavyside, esq.

Lieutenant Hawkin

Mrs. H. Holdsworth

Mrs. Haywood

Francis Holdsworth, esq.

Miss Hitchcock, Oporto

— Hunt, esq. ditto

Mrs. Hobert

— Hodges, esq.

Mrs. Hine

John Hine, esq.



# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

## J

Right Hon. the Countess of Jersey  
 Lady James - - - 10 sets  
 Sir John Jarvis, Bart.  
 Major Jourdan  
 Mr. James  
 Mrs. James

## K.

— Knox, esq. M. P.

## L.

Richard Lovelace, esq.  
 Dennis Lyons, esq.  
 Mr. Latham  
 Miss Augusta Lushington  
 Miss Lucadau  
 Mrs. Lloyd  
 — Lambert, esq. Oporto - 2 sets  
 — Land, esq. ditto

## M.

Right Hon. Earl of Miltown 2 sets  
 Right Hon. Viscount Moleſworth  
 2 sets

# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Right Hon. Viscountess Moleworth  
2 fets

Hon. Col. Matthews

S. Majoribanks, esq. - - 2 fets

Mrs. Moore

M. Constable Maxwell, esq.

Mrs. Marshall

Captain Metcalf - - - 2 fets

## N.

T. Northmore, esq. - - 10 fets

Miss Norris

Lieutenant Neale

Lieutenant Northen

Robert Newman, esq. Oporto

## O.

Dennis O'Brien, esq.

Dr. O'Keefe - - - 6 fets

Dr. Ogilvie

## P.

Right Hon. the Countess of Pomfret  
2 fets

# LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Lady Prescott

Mrs. Pennell, Oporto - - 12 fets

Miss Pennell, ditto - - 2 fets

Mrs. Page, ditto

Charles Page, junior, esq. ditto

Hon. Mr. Petre

Reverend John Philips

Mrs. Page

Captain Poplett

Mr. J. Poole

Mr. Thomas Poole - - 2 fets

Miss Harriet Poole

Miss S. Perring

Miss Parke

Mrs. W. Philips

Mrs. Pichard

Mr. Pains

## R.

Viscountess Ranelagh - - 2 fets

Late Lady Raneliffe - - 2 fets

Reverend Mr. Ruffell

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

William Robinson, esq.

Mrs. Robinson, Oporto

Lieutenant Rogers .

S.

Right Hon. Dowager Countess of  
Shaftesbury

Right Hon. Countess of Shaftesbury

Right Hon. Earl of Shaftesbury

Right Hon. Earl of Scarborough 2 sets

Lady Mary Ann Sturt

Mrs. Sturt

Mrs. Swaine

Miss Shaftoe

T. N. Selby, esq.

Mrs. Selby

Mrs. Sampson

Lieutenant Stark

Miss Seagar

Mrs. Stackhouse

Mrs. Studdy

Mrs. Seale



## LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Stevens

Mr. Skrine

Mr. Swain, Oporto - - 2 fets

Mrs. Snow, ditto

Mrs. Stafford, ditto

Mr. Stafford, ditto

Reverend Mr. Conway Stafford, ditto

Mrs. Studinger

### T.

Lady C. Thynne

Hon. Mrs. Twissleton - - 2 fets

— Taunton, esq.

Mr. Tinant

Miss Mary Teage

Mr. Tenson - - - - 2 fets

Captain Tigge

Mrs. Tidswell, Oporto

— Tyndale, esq. ditto

Henry Thompson, esq. ditto 2 fets

### V.

Lady Mallet Vaughan

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

W.

Lady Ann Wombwell  
Sir George Wombwell, Bart.  
Reverend John Wheeler  
Mr. Walker  
Thomas Wright, esq.  
R. Webster, esq.     -     -     -     2 fets  
Daniel Wakefield, esq.  
Ensign Webster  
Charles Bridges Woodcock, esq. 2  
fets  
Samuel Whitbread, esq.     -     -     4 fets  
Jacob Wardell, esq.  
— Warre, esq. Oporto  
— Webber, esq. ditto  
Mrs. John Wye, ditto  
Mrs. Weaver

Y.

Mrs. Yates  
Miss Young, Oporto     -     -     2 fets

*This day is Published,*

*Price Five Shillings,*

**SUICIDE REJECTED**, an Elegy, founded upon Principles of **CHRISTIAN CONFIDENCE** against **WORLDLY DESPONDENCY**

By **CHARLES JAMES**,

Author of "Poems, dedicated, with permission, to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," and of several Political Tracts.

To which is prefixed,

**A MORAL DISCOURSE AGAINST  
SUICIDE,**

(never before published)

By the late Rev. Dr. J. **FORDYCE**,

Author of Sermons to Young Women, &c.

The whole addressed to Lady **JAMES**, with a poetical introduction, and embellished by an elegant Engraving, which was originally suggested by the melancholy fate of an English gentleman, who shot himself at Paris in 1786, whilst the Author resided in the Hotel d'York.

London: Published, for the benefit of Mrs. Clark (the daughter of the late unfortunate Colonel Frederick) and her children, by Hookham and Carpenter, No. 14, Old Bond Street.



7

f

n  
y  
y  
a  
e  
:  
e  
f